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POLICY AND ARMS IN SICILY

HE news from both the fronts is good. While e Russians, victors in the great Kursk battle, ve begun a vigorous counter offensive against rel, the Allied armies in Sicily continue their cord of success. As we follow the advance the veteran British troops to whom has fallen e relatively arduous task of taking the strong sition of Catania, we do not forget the successes the Americans and Canadians, who are winning eir way rapidly in the mountainous interior. actically the enemy was taken by surprise and s not managed to regroup his considerable rces for an enterprising defence. But the event at most interests the world this week is the mbing of Rome. A marshalling yard is the ost legitimate target that could have been osen, and given the central position of Rome the Italian railway system it would be useful smash the enemy's communications at this int. But one of the few lessons imprinted on e minds of every B.B.C. listener in this war is at marshalling yards have everywhere proved sy to repair. To have decisive military effects ust raids be repeated as often as the frequent, t finally abandoned, raids on Hamm? We see no ason to revise our strong opinion on this subject. mbing, even by daylight, is never more than proximately accurate. We hope the Italians are aggerating when they say that the Basilica of n Lorenzo, which dates from the fourth ntury, has been destroyed, and with it parts the modern city which have no military signi- cance. As we recall the topography of Rome, would be barely possible to find in this treasure- use of memory and beauty any corner that could bombed without incurring sickening risks.

What of the effect on Italian morale? Is not e bombing of Rome likely to stiffen rather than ften it? It is now the fashion to advocate a licy of battering the enemy's cities to dust. that mood the joint declaration signed by r. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill was composed. is not a good sign that the whole Fascist press blished it in full. It missed the chance of ving the Italian people the assurances that ight finally detach them from loyalty to Musso- ni. It would have been well to say that we will leave them their native soil intact—a phrase which would not cover Albania or the Dodecanese. Should we not tell them that they also are included in our programme for freedom from want? But the best way to shorten the struggle might be to address ourselves directly to the troops, who may fear that, if Italy capitulates, they will be used to fight the Germans. That is the last thing the Allies contemplate. The wise course might be, wherever it can be done safely, to demobilise this beaten and dejected army as promptly as possible after surrender. Might not Sicilian soldiers, who seem glad to surrender, return even now to their homes? Some sensible actions in this spirit might serve us better than the threatening rhetoric of this declaration.

Sicily, meanwhile, is the experimental field in which will be tested our technique and policy in dealing with all the countries of the Axis during the early phase of military occupation. It is satisfactory that the Fascist Party has been dissolved. Our soldiers cannot avoid dealing with some officials whom it rewarded with jobs. Only the town clerk of Syracuse may understand the drains that have to be put in order. But it is well to remember that nothing under Fascism ever was non-political: it is a system that relied on incessant pressure upon the individual in every relation of life and it scorned the whole conception of just and impartial dealing. Again, it may happen in a backward village that the priest is the only literate man who could organise the rationing of Allied food supply. There are manifest risks in such a course, for they may lead the people to suppose that all we intend is a change at the top: everything else will remain as before—the ascendancy of big business, the exploitation of the landed nobility and the use of the Church to regiment the masses. If we give this impression we shall discourage the only forces in Italy that have kept their manhood and their moral integrity alive. One instance may suffice to illustrate our meaning. All the underground democratic groups are now united in the new Party of Action. The B.B.C. did well to broadcast its programme the other day. But why did it omit the first clause, which called for a Republic? The monarchy has been hopelessly compromised in all Mussolini's iniquities, from the march on Rome down to the conquest of Abyssinia and the invasion of Spain. Is it our official policy to support it, with all the anti-social interests that cluster round it?

Italians will judge our intentions largely from the men we choose to direct the political side of the occupation. From Americans came the suggestion that Mayor La Guardia, of New York, should be its head. A man of the people, an ardent democrat and an Italian by origin, he would have put heart into the popular cause. In fact our choice has fallen on a financier, Lord Rennell, Oxford Grouper and former friend of Volpi, Big Business backers of Italian Fascism. That he knows the country intimately may be conceded, but how far did his associations extend beyond the circles that backed the Fascist regime in the days of appeasement? Will it be easy for the groups which might organise a popular mass movement — Socialists, Republicans and the People's Party—to deal with him? Other interests may feel less hesitation in approaching him. During the period of occupation, while we control the censorship and every appointment that confers influence, and have in the distribution of food and raw materials a mighty instrument of political pressure in our hands, our choice of the men who direct our policy may deflect for good or ill the whole future evolution of Italy's destinies. It is permissible, after what happened in North Africa, to feel anxious. The first and most crucial of our nominations relieves none of our anxieties. Something might be done to restore the balance if nominees of British and American Trade Unions were appointed as liaison officers on the staff of the military administration. It is no answer to these anxieties to say that one day the Italian electorate will be permitted to express its opinions in a free vote. If it remains in the formative interval exposed to all the social and economic pressures which made it abject in the past, it may find some difficulty in discovering its true opinions and even more in expressing them freely.

Still Pro-Vichy ?

The policy of the United States towards renascent France is as equivocal and disturbing as ever. It seemed reasonable to suppose that when Mr. Churchill on July 1st declared that “our dealings will henceforward be with the Committee of National Liberation as a whole,” this declaration foreshadowed formal recognition by both Whitehall and Washington that the Committee is a body entitled provisionally to represent French interests and to manage French affairs. The course of events, however, has dashed these hopes. General Giraud appears to have been welcomed in Washington as a personal leader rather than a soldier responsible to the Committee; and his visit coincided with a stream of propaganda inspired by the U.S. State Department vilifying General de Gaulle. The High Commissioner, M. Hoppenot, appointed by the Committee to take over Martinique from Admiral Robert is treated officially by the State Department as carrying out his mission in what is ludicrously described as “a private capacity.” Finally, President Roosevelt, at his last press conference, appeared to endorse unreservedly the Hull-Leahy “no formal breach with Vichy” line and to relegate the question of recognising the National Committee to the remote future on the grounds that 95 per cent. of the French people are under enemy domination—an argument which should logically forbid recognition of any of the emigre's governments now in London. What are the people of France to make of all this? Refusal to recognise the National Committee not only tends to perpetuate friction between the two rival generals; it is also bound to lend colour to suspicions in France that the United Nations are manoeuvring so as to be free on grounds of “expediency” to deal with any “Darlan” figure, or—short of that—to foist on France a government “acceptable” to Wall Street.

Black Listening

The disintegrating influence of letters from home on Hindenburg's army in 1918 is always in the Nazi mind. No surprise then that with the chaos of raids and the news of Axis defeats there are an increasing number of judicial sentences for listening to foreign broadcasts. In some of the cases—take the example of Elsa F., of Magdeburg—the charge was the double offence of listening and of undermining the discipline of the Army by passing on “black” information to a soldier. In spite of her plea that the soldier was a good Nazi, she was sentenced to eight years' penal servitude. The Courts consider that the motive for listening is irrelevant. Others, like Pastor G. H., of Stettin, have pleaded that their intention was to check the spread of doubts and rumours the disastrous effect of which he had seen in 1914–18. But the decree forbidding Germans to listen to foreign broadcasts declares that the enemy's every word is a lie intended to disrupt the unity of Germany; therefore it can be no defence to plead the intention of exposing the falsity of enemy broadcasts. A Christian in Hagen, a civil servant in Nuremburg, workers in Leipzig, a bartender in Vienna, have received sentences of between two and eight years' imprisonment for similar offences. The Nazis appear to be particularly worried about the way in which the prisoners had regularly passed on the news to others. The record tends to increase one's estimate of the number of Germans of very different social groups and occupations who want to know the truth and who are therefore dangerous from the Nazi point of view.

The Colonial Worker

In one of her fits of absent-mindedness, Britain is beginning to do some unexpected things in the Colonial Empire. Colonel Stanley told the House of Commons last week of plans for an “intellectual lease-lend” between home universities and higher centres of learning in the Colonies; for a special Commission of Inquiry into higher education in West Africa, and for an attack on mass illiteracy in which we will draw on the successful experience of Russia and China. But education for citizenship and political responsibility did not end with the “three Rs,” he declared. Colonial people must be trained “by life for life”; and to this end Trade Union organisation, Co-operatives, and local government must be developed. The extensive but little-known work that has already been done in encouraging colonial trade unions was described in a White Paper (Labour Supervision in the Colonial Empire, 1937–1943) published a week earlier. There are now about 300 trade unions functioning in the Colonies, the great majority of which were founded in the last few years, even since the beginning of the war. Not only has trade union legislation in most cases been brought up to the British standard, but six British trade unionists were sent out to different Colonies in 1942 to help set the Colonial unions on their feet. Sometimes the workers, sometimes the employers, have been suspicious; but the *bona fides* of these unusual “missionaries” now seems to be established, and there are excellent reports of the growing understanding of trade union principles and organisation throughout the Colonies. Labour departments with skilled officers—many of them seconded from the Ministry of Labour—have been set up in dozens of territories; a mass of protective legislation has been passed; and the I.L.O. Conventions widely applied. Now there are hopes of a drive towards encouraging local co-operative movements. No one pretends that the colonial worker has anything but a wretched standard of living, and a severe struggle against all forms of exploitation lies before him. But he is certainly being given a chance now to improve his lot, whereas before he had no weapon but hopeless violence.

Liberals Confer

The debate at the Liberal Party Conference on the relations of the State to industry provides many examples of the verbal confusion into which such debates usually fall. “Liberty” is used as the defence of vested interests, and “planning” is characterised as a Nazi invention. Now, anyone who has any objects in view must plan; planning is neither good nor bad in itself. All depends on who is planning, and for what ends. The objection to the Nazis is not that they plan, but that they plan for world conquest. Nor is “liberty” a thing in itself—it depends on who has liberty to do what. If liberty means the preservation of all existing rights, it means that the industrialists are at liberty to exploit the public by monopolistic price control, and the workers are at liberty to draw the dole. After a skirmish between the Horabin–Davies Radical Action group on one side and Sir Andrew McFadyean and the apostles of pure *laisser faire* (Liberty Restoration League) on the other, the Conference adopted an official resolution which represents considerable departures from pure *laisser faire* and advocates a system of partial control which purports to aim at stamping out monopoly and maintaining full employment. This involves proposals which would leave a large share in planning to the representatives of industry, and in fact the set up which they propose bears a strong family likeness to the Corporative State.

Coal

Mr. Lawther at the conference of the Mineworkers' Federation criticised the present control of the industry, and revived the demand for outright nationalisation. The case for nationalising the coal industry set out in the Sankey Report after the last war was far from cogently argued. The chief economic arguments which can be advanced are the following: coal is a national wasting asset which cannot be safely left to haphazard exploitation. Many mines are seriously under-capitalised, both in coal-getting equipment and in amenities such as pithead baths, and there is little prospect of the requisite investment being made under private ownership. In many cases unified control of a large area would mak
technical economies possible. There is a grea
shortage of first-class mining engineers, and th
services of those there are should be made avail
able to as many pits as possible. The costs o
production vary, for natural reasons, fro
company to company far more than costs i
manufacturing industry; the low cost min
sheltering behind the high cost mines enjoy a leve
of prices which gives them large “economic rent”
profits; under nationalisation these would accru
to the nation instead of to the owners. Above al
and this is the point which weighs most wit
Mr. Lawther, the record of the industry in it
treatment of labour is so desperately bad tha
there can be no hope of good will in the futur
without a drastic change in the system.

The Population Scare

There is always a population scare going on
one way or the other. The curve of populatio
is either rising or falling. The statistician
“extrapolate” and show that, by the year 2060
we shall be reduced to Chinese overcrowding o
be on the verge of extinction, as the case may be
At the present time it is the fear of extinctio
which is in the ascendancy. The scare may b
turned to very good account if it is used t
advocate family allowances, better conditions fo
maternity, a determined drive to get the infan
death rate down to the lowest possible level (i
this country there is considerable variatio
between rich and poor districts, and the over-al
rate is higher than in several countries, notabl
New Zealand), improvements in the nutrition o
children, and in general all measures designed t
save needless waste of life and health. On th
other hand the scare may take on a Fascist colour
In the recent debate in the House, though mo
speakers were in favour of a population polic
based on improving welfare, some advocate
prohibition or control of the sale of contraceptives. The population scare may be used t
attack the still precarious emancipation of wome
and is often mixed up with racial and imperialisti
arguments that have a distinctly Nazi flavour. I
it is kept out of these channels and concentrate
upon welfare it may do a great deal of good
whether it has any effect on the rate of reproduc
tion or not.

Post-War (*by a Parliamentary Correspondent*)

Reconstruction increasingly takes the time o
the House. Government replies to questions an
discussions do not suggest that there is an
semblance of a comprehensive post-war reconstruction plan. Strong criticism has bee
expressed at two lively debates of the Parliamentary Labour Party. M.P.s from South Wales an
others of the old “depressed areas” envisage
complete collapse of industry after the war i
their constituencies unless the Government ha
created a central planning machinery before th
demobilisation period. Labour Members of th
Government fear such discussions as threatenin
the life of the present Government. Yet man
Tories should be as interested as Socialists i
preventing an industrial turmoil, and Labou
M.P.s are insistent that the House should no
get to grips with the creation of the necessar
machinery.

The debates in the House on post-war shippin
and building costs show the difficulties that aris
from unco-ordinated attempts to deal with suc
questions industry by industry. Shinwell'
heckling of Noel-Baker brought out the fact th
the Government has now, for effective purpose
nationalised the shipping industry. It takes ov
all new shipping. Under the present arrangemen
companies which have lost shipping during th
war are to be given the newly built Governmen
ships as compensation; the only safeguar
against handing the industry back to priva
ownership after the war is a possible futu
decision by Parliament against it. Noel-Bak
described as “cock-eyed” Shinwell's suggestio
that the Government should at least keep th
ships which it had had built for it during the war

MR. BUTLER PROPOSES

By what standard ought we to judge the plan of educational reform which Mr. Butler issued for public comment last week-end? It makes a great deal of difference by what standard we judge it; for in any country the educational system is bound to be mainly a reflection of the current political and economic conditions, or perhaps rather of the political and economic notions of the authorities who have given it the shape it has. In unofficial projects of reform this limit can be transcended; for the project-makers are then free to plan in the light of essentially educational needs and aspirations. The statesman who expects to have to implement his projects is never so placed: he has to consider what his colleagues and his party will stand for, and what will fit in with the general structure of the society they are trying to create—or to conserve.

In judging Mr. Butler's plan we have to bear in mind that he puts it forward as a leading Conservative, in very close touch with his party machine, as a Minister of a Coalition Government which is trying to avoid controversial issues, and as an "old-school-tie" Christian gentleman. In these three capacities he has, in the field of education, considerable scope for creation, but very little indeed for rooting out established abuses. There is a wide enough measure of agreement that this country needs more and better education, that its chance of prosperity in the days to come depends on the quality of its citizens, and that this quality is at present much too low in respect both of productive skill and of general intelligence, to give a Conservative Minister plenty of scope for doing new things without antagonising the bulk of his party—provided that he lets the vested interests in class-education pretty much alone. There are, no doubt, still plenty of people who hold to the view that all this talk about more and better education is rubbish; but they are not, even in the Conservative Party, the people who count. They *would* count, if Mr. Butler were to propose anything that the interests which do count would emphatically reject; for they could, under the leadership of these interests, easily be mobilised into a mass of reactionary opinion strong enough under the existing political conditions to wreck any progressive measure. But they do not count, as long as they are left leaderless.

This gives us a first standard for passing judgment on Mr. Butler's plan, by relating it, not to what we should like to see, but to what a good Education Minister could get through the present Cabinet. By that standard it comes out pretty well. The Bill is to provide for raising the school leaving age not merely to 15 as soon as possible after the war (that goes without saying) but at a later (unspecified) date to 16. It provides for part-time education in Young People's Colleges (a great improvement, as a name, on Continuation Schools) up to 18, though only, for the present, on one day a week. It provides for a Common Code for all types of secondary schools, based on the existing grammar school standards, and thus goes some way towards making the system of secondary education for all from 11 *plus* a reality and not, as it might have been, a sham. It makes secondary education free in all schools *maintained* by the Local Authorities. It contemplates a big extension of technical education, in both its lower and its higher ranges. It puts school medical treatment on a new basis, as a common right, and provides for making school milk and school meals a regular feature of public provision. It proposes a permanent extension of Youth Services, an improvement of conditions in primary schools (including smaller classes), a new system of selection for entry to the various types of secondary school, and a further opening of the universities to poor students. Finally, it sweeps away the smaller authorities responsible only for elementary education, and puts forward a scheme of decentralisation through local committees, on lines already applied in some areas.

This is a large credit total; and there is not a great deal positively to set against it. The main debit items are the retention of the "dual" system, and its extension, inevitable if it is to be retained, into the field of secondary education; the admission, implied in a press interview given by Mr. Butler after the issue of the White Paper, that parents are still to be able to buy an expensve education for their children if they please; the failure to create any sort of regional educational authority; and the limitation of part-time education to one day a week. The other important defects in the scheme are of deliberate omission. There is nothing about the curriculum in the secondary schools, new or old (this waits upon the Norwood Committee). There is nothing about the future of the public schools (this waits upon the Fleming Committee). There is nothing but a vague reference about the training of teachers (this waits upon the McNair Committee). It is obviously very convenient for Mr. Butler that these three groups of questions can be left over; for they are where the vested interests (other than the Church and the Catholics) mainly come in. If Mr. Butler can square the Church and the Catholics at this stage they may even be his allies later on. He has gone a very long way to meet them, doubtless in this hope. Not content with retaining the dual system, he has attempted to weave religion much more than it has been woven since 1870 into the public educational system, and he has done this in such a way as to have a fair hope of getting many of the Dissenters on his side.

What we do not know is whether Mr. Butler, having squared the priests and presbyters, means to invoke their aid in standing up to the other vested interests, or to give way to them in their turn. Curriculum affects those vested interests which desire to give education, and especially the new secondary and continued education, a narrow trade bias. We say "trade," and not "vocational," because there is a profound difference between the two. It is plain common sense to include a high proportion of technical high schools among the new secondary schools, to give mathematics and basic science a large place in the educational system, and to include a considerable practical bias in the new continued education. But this is as different as can be from stressing trade courses designed to prepare boys and girls exclusively for a single branch of manual work or commerce. We must have cultural education for all, not in the sense in which "culture" is contraposed to science or technology, but in the sense in which it gives these and other "subjects" a broader and more humane meaning. Mr. Butler does not tell us which of these two things he means.

Then there is the question of the Public Schools. If secondary education in schools *maintained* by the Local Authorities is to be made free, what about education in schools which are locally *aided*, but not maintained? What about education in schools which receive *direct grant* from the Board of Education outside the local system? And what about the schools which do not receive grants? If education in the *maintained* schools is to be free, can any or all of the remaining kinds of schools go on charging fees? Surely not. If secondary education is made free only in maintained schools, parents who live in one town will have to pay for schooling which parents who live only a few miles away (or even across the road) will be getting free. Yet clearly the "old-school-tie" brigade will fight like hell against any attempt to make all secondary education free, for the necessary corollary will be that choice of school will come to depend on merit and suitability and not on the parents' means or snobbish aspirations.

Thirdly, there is the training of teachers—the very crux of the whole problem. The vested interests here are the universities, which do not want to be swamped by potential teachers and to be compelled to lower their standards to admit them in the required numbers, and the existing training colleges, which are largely still under denominational control. Mr. Butler is waiting for the MacNair Committee, as he has a full right to do.

So far we have been trying to assess Mr. Butler's projects by a standard of immediate political practicability. But now let us ask what *ought* to be done, or, in plainer terms, what could be done by a real Government of the Left, not afraid of vested interests which owe their strength to their political pull rather than to any deeply rooted sentiments in the mind of the people. Such a government could not, in terms of quantity, go much farther at once than Mr. Butler proposes to go, for the simple reason that it would be held up by shortage of efficient teachers. It could, however, make short work of the dual system, while giving every facility desired by parents for religious teaching outside the school curriculum. It could abolish fees in all schools receiving any form of aid from public funds. It could insist on a drastic improvement in standards and teaching conditions in primary education. It could abolish the *caste* distinction between different grades of teachers and create new universities to absorb the specialised training colleges and make provision for a wide range of social training for community service. It could fix a definite date both for raising the leaving age to 16, and for extending continued education beyond one day a week.

There are many things in Mr. Butler's plans that must go unanalysed here. Nursery schools—in relation to which the White Paper seems to us regrettably unexplicit, though the words are fair; adult education, which is to be extended and "co-ordinated" in ways that are left unexplained; youth service, about which we are left uncertain how much is to be done by the State and how much by remodelled voluntary agencies; universities, about which nothing is said beyond the promise to make further provision for the poor scholar; research, a vital need in many fields, about which nothing at all is said. The immediate thing is, how are we to react to what Mr. Butler has proposed, and proposed in such a way as to invite public comment before he gives his projects the form of a Bill for Parliament to debate. Well, in most respects his projects are to the good, as far as they go. Only the retention of the non-provided schools, and the extension of the dual system into secondary education, are definitely deplorable; and all possible backing ought to be given to the Local Education Authorities and the teachers if they protest against this part of the scheme. This is a high price to pay for the rest of Mr. Butler's scheme, most of which is bound to come whether we consent to pay the price or not. Let us not pay one farthing more than we must.

AMERICA'S POLITICAL MIND

RETURNING to this country from the United States after four months' absence I am shocked to find Britain's misunderstanding of America is no less serious than America's of Britain. It seems too readily accepted that America is becoming increasingly reactionary and may go isolationist after the war, and, worse still, that we can do nothing about it. Admittedly there is the prospect of a Republican swing next year and some danger of a reversion to isolationism, but it is primarily not because of any reactionary tendency on the part of the American people. American politics to-day are conditioned by a swing away from the Administration, a swing which the Administration has partly brought on itself through the incredible muddle at Washington, where on domestic matters direction is lacking, personalities clash, and a pyramid of Government agencies has resulted in divided responsibilities and caused complete confusion. There is, however, more behind it than this. Americans, innately individualist, rebel at an excess of government interference of the necessity for which they are not convinced; any failure on the part of Washington sustains them in this belief. This attitude is fully exploited by the enemies of the Administration, who know that the more they can discredit government planning the greater will be their following. The recent acrimonious exchange between Vice-President Wallace and Mr. Jesse Jones and the President's consequent stern action fits into this scene. Roosevelt cannot afford internal bickering between government departments engaged in economic planning to be aired in public because it discredits the Government's handling of business affairs and plays into the hands of the reactionaries. It would seem that Roosevelt decided that the time had come when a stop would have to be put to the administrative rot which the discrediting of Washington fostered. Recent action, both in the exercise of his veto and in dismissing Wallace from the Board of Economic Warfare, curbing Jesse Jones's powers and issuing an edict to end the publicising of departmental quarrels, indicates that the President is again taking notice of domestic affairs to the extent of taking up the reins himself and drawing them tight. It is, no doubt, done with an eye to a fourth term.

Against this background all discussion in America on war issues is conditioned by the prevalent anti-Administration feeling; this fosters isolationist, anti-British and anti-Russian attitudes. All are closely related. Much criticism of the war effort is opposition to Roosevelt and the New Deal; much of the anti-British feeling is fostered because Roosevelt is identified with friendship with Britain, and to attack her is to attack him; isolationism, as preached by the old "America First" faction, is political opposition to Roosevelt. Anti-Administration feeling is largely directed against domestic and not foreign policy, and a large section of opinion, although violently opposed to Roosevelt's domestic policy, supports his actions as Commander-in-Chief. As the alternative Government is the Republican Party, which since the days of the New Deal has become increasingly representative of private enterprise, Big Business and the like, the party which may gain power at the 1944 elections may well be reactionary. But if it wins the elections it will do so, not because those who vote Republican have moved to the Right, but because it is the only alternative to the continuance of the present Administration. It will be a question of voting against something, not for it.

Labour opinion, to the extent that it is politically conscious, remains with the President; and his veto of the recent anti-labour legislation and Congress's subsequent action assures continued support of the President by the American Federation of Labour and the Congress of Industrial Organisations. John L. Lewis served the cause of labour ill; the miners had a good case, but his tactics led to their defeat. Admittedly, one finds anti-union sentiment on all sides—among members of the Forces who resent high wages and strikes, among businessmen compelled to deal with union representatives, among local politicians who have carried through anti-labour legislation in many State legislatures, and among intelligent professional people who are disgusted at the racketeering and practice of the bad unions, very much exaggerated by a biased press. In the circumstances, it is not surprising that public opinion, opposed to strikes at the present time, supported Congress in its action, but it did so out of impatience as much at Washington's lack of labour policy as at the unions.

The vast wartime increase in union membership is no guarantee of strength. If after the war reaction sets in, and the employers attempt to break the unions, union leaders will not necessarily be backed by a membership loyally standing with them in the battle for survival. Yet recent events are making the unions more politically conscious. Labour's support for the President may assure his election if he stands for a fourth term. But even if Roosevelt is returned, because domestic and not international affairs will play the dominant role in the election, he is almost certain to be faced with a Congress even more antagonistic than the present one. Whatever views the electorate may hold on America's part in the post-war world, they will not necessarily be shared by the Congress which controls America's part in international affairs after the war. The Congress elected in 1944 may represent the sentiment of the country well enough on domestic issues, but be out of line on international ones.

Congress, however, is influenced by public opinion, even if there is a dangerous time-lag and that opinion which will influence Congress is still in the formative stage. The dominant influence on foreign policy will be the American public's desire to prevent a third world war. By and large, to Americans the war is still regarded as something Europe has dragged her into. Despite Pearl Harbour, which many Americans will tell you occurred because America was already aiding Britain, the war is not yet America's war in the sense that she is under attack and in danger. America wants to finish the war as quickly as possible; not because she feels any urgency about the Axis threat; not because it is her war as much as Europe's, but so that the boys can come back home and there can be a return to normalcy. One thus encounters little ideology concerning the war. If pressed, an American may tell you that he is fighting for America's way of life, fighting so that he can live the way he wants without interference, but that interference he would consider as coming from Europe in general, and not Germany in particular. No inspired leadership has captured the imagination of the people and united them in a crusade. As long as this view of Europe's responsibility prevails, isolationism has a fruitful field in which to grow, but whether it grows or not depends as much on us as America. So far American opinion has progressed no further than expressing a willingness to do whatever is necessary to prevent another war. Somehow or other Europe has to be stopped from entangling the United States in a third world war. Since that is the dominant desire of Americans, they will accept any policy which they are convinced will assure peace. This accounts for the three-quarters of the population who vote in public opinion polls for American participation in international co-operation, for co-operation with Russia, of whom America is very suspicious, and China, to whom she is sentimentally drawn. It accounts for the Republican support for vague resolutions allegedly committing America to international co-operation—even some former isolationist Republicans are influenced by public opinion. But there is a big gap between the desire to prevent war and the undertaking of specific commitments. Americans are still suspicious of Europe and in particular of British diplomacy; the belief survives that Britain proved too clever for America at the conferences that followed the last war.

Whether America reverts to isolationism or not depends on the extent to which she believes that a genuine attempt is being made to prevent wars, and that power politics and diplomatic manoeuvring have been abandoned. To assume here that America will go isolationist because the Republicans will gain power in 1944, and to state that America is going reactionary is to take as decided that which is still uncertain and which will be influenced by future events. There is still time to influence this decision, but discussion in terms of one nation being dominant, or one or the other controlling the seas or the air is not helpful. Such talk merely confirms the American in his belief that Britain is out for its own interests, and the modern isolationist exploits that view and urges America to put its own interests first and abandon global thinking in favour of a form of American imperialism.

One can conclude, therefore, that if America is to be saved from reversion to isolationism after the war, a plan must be presented which convinces the American people that their country's participation is essential in world affairs to prevent a third world war. But the plan must come from Britain. America may be well informed about Europe, but she does not understand it, and if left to propose solutions for its problems will do so on a piece-meal basis, justifying the compromising of principles on grounds of expediency. No long-term post-war policy is likely to emerge from an America engrossed in political manœuvres. If such is wanted Britain and the other United Nations must propose it; America may then dispose, but at least discussion will be forced and alternative proposals will have to be made. At least the fact that America has become involved in a second world war within twenty-five years has shaken America out of her belief in isolationism. But at the same time it has increased her suspicions and mistrust of Europe. There is an advance. Resistance to international co-operation has been broken down; the winning of America to it can be aided by frank and open discussion of British post-war policy. It is as much our responsibility as America's, because the future security of Europe is irrevocably bound up with Anglo-American post-war relations.

ERNEST DAVIES

THE PROBLEM OF GERMANY

IN 1919 Sir Halford Mackinder's *Democratic Ideals and Reality* stated an important thesis. It was further developed in Germany as a basis for the study of Geopolitiks. Sir Halford held that the real centre of power has always been the great population bloc of Central Eurasia, and that if the millions of Russia and Germany were united under a single militant power, civilisations like that of Britain founded on sea power could no longer survive. His practical proposal was a vastly inflated Poland to divide Russia and Germany. This proposal suited other tendencies of the period; Pilsudski's Poland lasted just as long as Russia and Germany remained weak from defeat and revolution, and France remained the dominant land Power on the Continent. From the Western point of view Poland was intended to guard Germany's eastern frontier and to act as the centre of a *cordon sanitaire* against Bolshevism.

Such ideas still linger; even now they command some attention in Washington, where Polish and Catholic propaganda and where figures like Otto of Habsburg, not to speak of Horthy, still seem to have their attractions. It is good that the authors of the *Problem of Germany*,* which is an interim report by an expert study group at Chatham House, do not cherish any such illusions. Their report is worth a most careful study; it is a sober, thoughtful and badly written document. Uncertain and muzzy in its conclusions, it is yet a useful indication of how expert opinion upon the German problem is running in intelligent, semi-official quarters.

The authors dismiss, as every realist must, any theory of permanent occupation or destruction of Germany; they dismiss as equally sentimental the idea that it will be possible at once to hand over power to a German government once the Nazi war machine is broken. Inevitably, they say, there must be both coercion and co-operation; the problem is how to use the period of coercion so that it leads to one of co-operation. That was the problem after the last war; failure was due not to the military propensities of the Germans, great though these are, but to the lack of will and agreement amongst the Allies, who first missed the opportunity of co-operating with a disarmed Germany in reaction against war and which then permitted and indeed aided and abetted the growth of German armaments. It is worth while to remember to-day that Germany was very fully disarmed after the last war; that none of the Allies did disarm, and that Britain, France and their Eastern Allies remained far stronger than the Axis up to the reoccupation of the Rhineland in 1936; that German rearmament began inside Russia as a result of the *cordon sanitaire* policy which drove Germany and Russia together, and that it was continued with the help of British and American capitalism. The policy of rearming Germany and building up Nazi strength against Soviet Russia was Conservative, not Labour policy, and it was bolstered up by anti-Bolshevik propaganda which was throughout the greatest strength of German militarism.

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* *The Problem of Germany*. Royal Institute of International Affairs. 2s. 6d.

The authors of the *Problem of Germany* point out that it is only possible to consider the German problem in isolation if we remember that this procedure is only provisional and that aggression comes, and has come, from other quarters as well as from Germany. It is, in fact, only part of a general problem of security and of world economic prosperity; the "rage of technics" which has seized German youth is infecting the like-minded in other countries; "divorced from any humane purpose," it can lead only to destruction or tyranny. The realisation that we confront not only a German, but a world economic, political and spiritual problem is acknowledged in the Four Freedoms and the Atlantic Charter.

The idea that Britain might use her military and political power to exercise a complete domination over the economic life of Germany is dismissed by this group of experts as "phantasy." Clearly they are right in saying that the British have neither the power nor the necessary Nazi outlook for such a lunatic adventure. They are convinced that the United States will play no permanent part in coercing Germany and they foresee at an early stage the growth of an opinion in America that is sympathetic to defeated Germans. The will of the U.S.S.R. is less easy to anticipate; but more than one statement can be quoted from Stalin showing that he takes the realistic view that Germany will inevitably again be an important Power in the future. Proposals for dividing up Germany and destroying her heavy industries, which would demand drastic and continued domination, do not therefore offer any long security.

It follows from this that the problem of German disarmament cannot be stated in terms of what we do to Germany. Germany will be disarmed in any case. The problem of security will be decided within the Allied Nations. Chatham House never makes blunt statements. But it is a fair inference from the argument of this pamphlet that the fear of German rearmament lies not in the peculiarities of German mentality or in any lack of will to severity at the end of the war, but rather in the mutual suspicions that may make the Soviet Union on the one side and the capitalist West on the other regard the resources of German man power and material as desirable assets in another unstable balance of world forces.

What conclusions follow? In its semi-official position Chatham House tends to leave most problems at the stage of "on the one hand, on the other." But some conclusions do emerge. First, Germany will be occupied jointly by the Allies, who will have an opportunity of building a world system of security, and of laying the foundations in Europe of a political and economic whole in which a very different Germany may in course of time be able to play her part. Secondly, no time must be wasted in building these instruments of future government; the opportunity exists while there are common problems to keep the Allies together, and while in Germany reaction against militarism gives us a second chance of constructive effort. The authors say:—

> There will be a time, perhaps short, in which replacement by new materials and fresh designs should be possible. German literature of the period immediately following the last war attests a widespread reaction against the values of militarism. This attitude was not shared by those with a vested interest in militarism, nor can it have been universal among the mass of the people, which in any case did not withstand the subsequent swing-back. However, it does not seem that we have had yet a cool appraisal of the extent to which it once existed, or the extent to which it was met by an answering spirit of co-operation on the part of the Allies.

This point would be greatly strengthened and the chief weakness of this pamphlet remedied, if its authors squarely faced the fact, at which they only hint, that the most drastic change in the social and class structure in Germany is necessary if anti-military sentiment is to have its chance.

Thirdly, a nation's education derives much less from its school books, than from the assumptions on which its social life is built. As long, we are told, as it is assumed in Germany that there can be no moral relations between States, that "this is a dog world in which you must be either top-dog or under-dog," then no superficial change in education will have any effect. The only way to end this assumption is to make it untrue. Fourthly, to end this anarchy it is more important to build a common economic life for Europe than to spend time squabbling about frontiers. The job is to make frontiers unimportant; the way to do that is to settle them quickly, probably very much as they existed before the Nazis began their conquests. That done, proceed to over-ride them by a civil aviation system for Europe which makes frontiers look silly; by maintaining the system of international roads and railways which are the only benefit conferred on Europe by Hitler; by using the machinery of lend-lease, or its equivalent, to raise the standard of life of the poorer countries of Europe to the reciprocal advantage of peasant and factory-worker. World scourges like Hitler come into existence because of poverty and the sense of frustration and injustice. The excessive importance and danger of Germany come from the weakness and impoverishment of her Eastern neighbours. Freedom from want and freedom from fear are not separate but closely inter-related and interdependent concepts. If you want "security," keep your eyes after this war, not only on Germany, which for years to come will be the one great Power from which no aggression is possible, but on the rivalry of the victors, the greed of monopolies, the pettiness of national hatreds and ambitions, the internal economic and social developments of Britain and America, and the progress of plans, discussed at Hot Springs and elsewhere, for raising the standard of living and bringing joint advantage to the common man in America, Europe and Asia. The best chance we have is that there will be such a popular clamour for freedom from want that the social change involved will start a new and less military phase of human endeavour.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to J. R. Till.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

> Leading Seaman Ogden, winner of an eyelash competition at a garden party given at Bedhampton by W.R.N.S. members, attributed the length and quality of his eyelashes to the fact that they were blown off seven months ago by a refractory gas-stove.—*Portsmouth Evening News.*

> Among other delegates opposing the recommendation was the Rev. J. Edward Eagles, of Rochdale, who said that as Hitler and Mussolini had condemned dancing as degenerate and decadent for Axis youth, it was not wise for the Methodist Church to suggest that young people who joined their church would be allowed to dance.—*Daily Sketch.*

> Those who knew "Mrs. Epsy" will remember that she was tremendously PSYCHIC, and, if she could foresee the victory of Tunis and Bizerta, her last gesture (when she could no longer speak), as she passed over in the arms of Yvette, was THE "V" SIGN.
>
> Let us be worthy of our LEADER.—Espinosa in the British Ballet Organisation *Bulletin.*

A LONDON DIARY

PEOPLE with whom I have discussed the bombing of Rome divide into the following categories: (1) Informed people who have weighed the military and political pros and cons and decided that it is a good thing to do. (2) Similar people who decided that it is a bad thing to do. (3) Those who place so high a value on the inheritance of beauty from the past that they are ready if necessary to forgo some military advantage rather than run the risks of vandalism. (4) Those whose balance of the pros and cons is determined by a belief that Italians mainly do not want to fight and could be more readily won over to the democratic side if more emphasis were put on political warfare and less on bombing. (5) Those who belong so much to the Puritan tradition that they are delighted to hear that the Scarlet Woman is going to get it in the neck. I challenged an eminent Scotsman, descended, I am sure, from a line of Calvinists going back to John Knox, with this motive the other night, and on reflection he admitted that there was something in my suggestion. (6) Those who have got to the point of just liking bombing for bombing's sake, and who justify their enjoyment by saying that it is time that Mussolini (with the Pope sometimes included) got his deserts. When I point out that there is no one so little likely to be bombed in Italy as the Duce, they say, well, anyway he won't like it, which is the best example of cutting off Europe's nose to spite the insignificant face of Mussolini that I have yet come across.

* * *

In despair of finding anyone to present a reasoned answer to Mr. Priestley, someone or other was smart enough on Monday night to persuade someone else (also anonymous) on the B.B.C. staff to arrange for Mr. Coward's undoubted talents to be used for diversionist purposes. If Mr. Priestley was to be heard on the Home programme, listeners were, in effect, invited in the *Radio Times* and on the Home programme itself to switch on to the Forces programme to listen to Mr. Coward blowing his own mellifluous trumpet. Mr. Coward's final song made bitter fun of all anti-Nazi ideas.

* * *

The Italians say that nothing save the façade is left of the basilica of San Lorenzo. I hope that this is a lie. For this church, traditionally founded by Constantine, is not only peculiarly interesting to the historian, but is one of the most beautiful buildings in Rome. A sixth-century church forms the choir of the basilica built in 1216. The thirteenth century was a most unhappy and agitated period in the history of Rome, yet the buildings of the time are distinguished by their serene and unostentatious elegance. Façade, campanile, frescos, mosaics, Cosmati-work throne and choir-screen—alike in mass and detail San Lorenzo was a lovely and perfect edifice; and the cloister, painted red, charmed by its peaceful simplicity. The church enshrined the bodies of St. Stephen and St. Lawrence. Peter de Courtenay was here crowned Emperor of Constantinople; and the dying request of Pio Nono was to be buried here "among the poor." San Lorenzo *fuori*, as its name implies, is outside the city; there is nothing beautiful near it. But the buildings with which Mussolini has disfigured the Campagna are the only targets that can be bombed without a risk to something irreplaceable, so widely spread are the noble monuments bequeathed to posterity by the devotion of the past.

* * *

A remarkable and terrible story reaches me from Miss Elsie Fairfax-Cholmeley, who escaped from a Japanese concentration camp in Hong-Kong in March 1942. She now writes from Keilin in Free China. She says that since the Japanese captured Hong-Kong eighteen months ago, over one million unemployed and unskilled Chinese workers have been driven from the former British colony. The majority have been forcibly deported, the rest driven to leave through denial of food ration cards. Without any resources whatever, thousands of these refugees have starved to death in the barren islands and coastal regions where they have been taken. The bodies of hundreds of Hongkong ricksha pullers, longshoremen and others lie by the roadsides in Kwangtung province (where famine conditions obtain even for the local population), some close to the sea, others farther inland—as far as they could drag themselves. Yet these deportees are more fortunate than thousands of women, children and unemployed who have been simply herded on to junks and barges, towed out beyond the entrance to Hongkong harbour and dumped overboard. Many skilled workers, who refused to work for the Japanese and were unable to escape, have also died in this manner.

15,000 Chinese are still forced to work in the Hongkong shipyards. The Japanese pay a Chinese worker just enough to keep him alive, so that he can never save enough to travel to the nearest factory town in the interior, even if he gets away. Escape often means starvation. Yet thousands of skilled workers have escaped from Hongkong, and have many reached Free China.

* * *

Back from America, Sir William Beveridge finds himself welcomed as a Messianic figure. The enthusiasm at Tuesday's meeting survived the delivery of a speech more solid and academic than that usually expected from a Messiah. His statement that the Beveridge scheme is the easiest and first of the things that have to be done and that it should be got out of the way now, during the war, to make room for more difficult problems was the most popular and also the truest thing that can be said. Armed with that authoritative statement alone, Sir William's tour of this country is bound to be a success, and I foresee the time before long when politicians of all parties will be scrambling for the credit in their constituencies for having been the first and most vigorous of backers of Beveridge.

* * *

I wrote carelessly last week of the complaints of the champions of the countryside that no members of the Forestry Commission are in the House to answer questions. I should have said, of course, that no Member of the *Government* is in a position to answer questions for the Forestry Commission. Actually the Forestry Commission, like the Charity and Ecclesiastical Commission, occupy a peculiar position. Several M.P.s are among the Commissioners, and one of them (drawn from the largest Party in the House) is selected as official Parliamentary spokesman for the Commission. What the critics complain of is that there is not a Minister to answer for the Forestry Commission as there is one to answer for, say, the London Passenger Transport Board. An M.P. who has watched these things at work tells me that he thinks the present constitution of the Forestry Commission is probably actually better than, say, that of the L.P.T.B., for in that instance the Minister answers by reading a set reply given to him by a L.P.T.B. official. In contrast, the spokesman for the Forestry Commission knows his stuff and speaks with authority.

* * *

I am glad to see that the Union of Democratic Control has organised another of their very successful "Any Questions?" meetings on the highly topical subject: "Italy and the United Nations." The Chairman is Cecil Sprigge, now Reuter's Italian correspondent and once *Manchester Guardian* correspondent in Italy. Those who answer the questions are qualified by recent knowledge of Italy. This should be a most interesting occasion. Place: Livingstone Hall, S.W.1; time: Thursday, July 29th, at 7.30. Questions should be sent beforehand to the Secretary, U.D.C., 34 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

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It is not intended that vitaminized chocolate shall be on sale to the public here. The War Office has, however, ordered large quantities for use by itself.—*Times*.

Critic

MALTA SMILES AGAIN

July the 7th, 1943, will go down in Maltese history as the first light of the dawn of a great reawakening. After ten barren years of political slumber, under the effects of potent drugs deftly administered by a bewildering succession of Colonial Secretaries, Malta has finally been promised a vindication of her rights. Bombs and starvation have carried conviction when protestations of innocence and good faith have failed. In the ruins and debris, amongst the treasured relics of an ancient island, we rejoice in contemplating the shattered remnants of the pro-Italian myth. Even the *Times* has frankly admitted that "Pro-Italian Nationalism, never so strong as its champions or adversaries had maintained, disappeared as a political issue in June 1943. . . ." The readers of the *Times* may hope to learn another secret in 1953. Indeed, Maltese pro-Italianism never existed as a political issue; to be more exact, no Maltese political party has ever advocated an amalgamation with Fascist Italy, although the champions of self-determination for the smaller nations would have found no moral grounds to veto it. The indiscretion of the Maltese Nationalist Party consisted in refusing to alter long-established views on culture. It supported fanatically a system of education tolerated during 120 years of unmitigated Crown Colony Government. The Nationalists considered Italian to be the language of the élite, in the same way that French was deemed superior to Russian in the Russia of the pre-Napoleonic period. In brief, it was a linguistic skirmish, and the repeal of the Maltese Constitution by the British Government showed a lamentable failure to appraise correctly the strength of the Maltese hatred of Fascism.

Colonel Oliver Stanley intends to consult responsible opinion in Malta regarding the form of Constitution desired by the Maltese people. Given suitable preliminary conditions, this course is undoubtedly the wisest. Unfortunately the war has destroyed those instruments of public expression which combine to precipitate the various trends of thought into definite political channels. The younger generation keeps aloof from the old political parties and is eager not only to create new goals but also to cast new light on old problems. New men with new ideas will inject into the veins of a politically dormant island new blood and new energy to overcome the enormous difficulties multiplied tenfold by two and a half years of bombing. The only two newspapers on the island are owned and directed by Miss Mabel Strickland; she is the heiress of a past tradition, and the tendency of her papers is an absurdly parochial and intolerant imperialism. She seems still unaware of the well-established principle that the British Empire can be served best by those who have at heart the interests of the various communities composing it. Her monopoly of the Press has been rendered possible by an acute paper shortage and by an Ordinance exacting a £200 deposit for the legal registration of any periodical. A Sedition Act admitting the widest interpretation and instrumental not long ago in the imprisonment of innocuous readers of Bernard Shaw and Anatole France is another gag muffling the voice of freedom. The incredible absence of statistics on health, education, unemployment, income, industrial output or any other data of sociological value is a serious impediment to the efforts of all progress-loving citizens. Lord Gort, as Governor of Malta, will find no opposition in removing these obstacles, and by achieving these very limited and modest objectives he will earn the gratitude of an unhappy people. No possible excuse can justify the postponement of this vital groundwork.

Without these requisites the old vested interests will play havoc with democratic principles and will saddle the Maltese people with a constitution heavily biased in favour of the rich and privileged. One of the most glaring defects of the 1921 Constitution was a clause whereby one man could cast as many votes as there were constituencies provided he owned houses in each. Another fiasco was the double legislature, the Senate and Chamber of Deputies, a farce not likely to find favour with anyone to-day.

An asset for the survival of what has been the most salutary force in Maltese politics is the changed attitude of Maltese Labourites. The basis on which the old Socialists strove to build a new society was narrow. To eliminate the possibilities of another defeat their appeal must reach the mass of the people without distinctions of class and creed. What seems to them most important just now is the creation of a fervent desire to start a new life far removed from the enervating anti-clerical squabbles of the past.

Should the Colonial Secretary interpret "responsible opinion" to mean the feeble mutterings of an old clique entrenched behind the veneer of respectability, the same old inane disputes will cloud the real issues and frustrate indefinitely sorely needed social changes. And these are many. The Maltese people are predominantly devout Roman Catholics, and the average Maltese family numbers eight or nine. A population of 300,000 inhabits an area of about 130 square miles rich in limestone but completely devoid of mineral ores. Consequently man-power in its productive capacity is the chief economic resource of the island. The Admiralty employs about 13,000 men, and their earnings defray the major bulk of the cost of imports, which exceed enormously the tiny volume of exports. The standard of living of the Maltese people is thus tied up with the rise and fall of the salaries and wages of Imperial employees. Once this point is grasped the legitimate desire to entrust negotiations concerning such matters into the hands of accredited representatives of the people can only evoke sympathetic understanding.

Wages have also a direct bearing on education. According to very conservative estimates, illiteracy amounts to 65 per cent., a disgusting state of affairs on an island reared in the very cradle of civilisation. Education has never been made compulsory for two reasons. First, not enough schools have been built; secondly, a Maltese father is compelled to turn into a wage-earner his boy of six or seven so that the bare necessities of existence for the younger children may be provided.

Agriculture in Malta is still in a primitive stage: man, woman, child and beast sweat in the smouldering heat of dry summer months to extract their food from soil a few inches deep in a field not larger than a pocket handkerchief—a picture reminiscent of biblical Israel. Whether collectivisation and modernisation will succeed in alleviating the heavy burden of the poor peasants will depend largely on the willingness of the Church and the landed gentry to loosen their stranglehold and cancel by one generous gesture an injustice that should weigh heavily on their conscience.

Due to a century-old neglect of industrial enterprise the Maltese people will still suffer from want and unemployment even when the dreams they cherish have become comforting facts. Industries preparing commodities made of common materials and requiring only the skill of hand and brain are best suited to Malta, equipped as it is with sea communications to all the shores of the Mediterranean. The production and export of pipes and beer during the pre-war period was a step forward in this direction. To these may be added all types of repairs and reconditioning of vehicles, ships and planes. The necessity for industrial expansion will be felt very acutely when the envisaged post-war reduction of armaments will bring an unwarranted share of misery and poverty to an island relegated to the unpleasant role of policing her neighbours. Malta has gratefully acknowledged the British Government's gift of £10,000,000 for the rebuilding of her bombed towns and villages; in the construction of her new industries Malta will ask for the help and guidance of an unforgetful British nation.

Ramengo

THE GREAT GATES OF KIEV

It is a boast of Russia, a boast recently re-echoed by Ilya Ehrenburg, that she draws on classic thought and classic culture, not through the channels of ancient Rome, but direct from Greece herself. It is a link that goes back to very early times—back to the primitive contacts all around the Black Sea which were so brilliantly sketched by Naomi Mitchison in *Corn King and Spring Queen.* The connection reached full strength when the vigorous young peoples from the steppes went out to seek a civilisation. They rejected Islam "where there was nothing but misery and a great smell," and the East. They found what they sought at Byzantium. It was a fateful choice.

In Britain, our views of history have been influenced, and indeed warped, by the fact that we can make no such claim. Our fountain-head is Rome. The only first-hand contact we can claim with the whole world of the Levant, till the day before yesterday, is in the very distant past, when the Phoenicians trafficked with Cornwall. After that, except for some shadowy contacts in the Crusades, we have to come with a bound to Byron at Missolonghi, and Mr. Gladstone handing back the Greek Islands and Corfu to Homer.

This single eye has led our historians, even Gibbon, to a pre-occupation with the Latin side of the Mediterranean civilisation which can be pushed too far. This attitude requires re-adjustment by a conscious effort of will, when we are striving to comprehend Russia. Because the one source that Russia is certainly not descended from is Rome; and this seems to us, taught and brought up as we have been, almost unnatural. Yet Russia, the giant child of Europe in the East, is as legitimate as, and far older than, the other giant baby, America, in the West; and unless Europe understands her offspring, she will be torn to pieces between them.

The hegemony of Rome as against Greece, even the military hegemony, did not last more than six hundred years—from the invasion of Greece in 146 B.C. to the sack of Rome by the Vandals in A.D. 455. Indeed it might be given a shorter term, ending with the foundation of Constantinople in A.D. 323. (And this, by the way, we might, with a stretch, add to the scanty list of early contacts of Britain with the Mediterranean; for it was at York that Constantine was first hailed Emperor.) What is six hundred years in the enormous sweep of time through which Greece has stood in the forefront of mankind? Greece, even at her beginning could not merely launch and carry through the great overseas campaign of the Trojan War, but find a Homer to sing it, a Ruler of Athens to publish and preserve, and a reading public to maintain the tale. The legendary date of the capture of Troy is about 1000 B.C. or earlier. The Fall of Constantinople, in A.D. 1453, is at the end of the Middle Ages. Throughout the whole of these two and a half thousand years, the currents of Greek thought, the exploits of Greek arms run, and with power.

True, after a great blossoming, in which Greek culture was spread as far as India, Greece lay exhausted for some centuries. It would be an exaggeration, though a pardonable one, to say that, during that time, after a period of vigorous general gangsterdom, a gangster of genius called Giulio Cesare began a development which very nearly brought Italy to the level of a worthy pillar of Mediterranean civilisation. But that attempt failed. A gang of cut-throats tore the place to pieces; and, after a short period of Army rule, the centre of government was re-transferred to the Levant, from which it had only temporarily been separated. After that, Italy rapidly reverted to type; anarchy and incompetence resumed their sway; even the Alps did not suffice to protect her populations. The brief flame of Italian independence flickered into extinction; and her peoples resigned themselves with alacrity to being bullied by the Goths or the Lombards or the Alemans, or anyone else who would put up with their company long enough to enslave them.

An expeditionary force, the expedition of Belisarius, was sent from the Eastern Empire, by sea, a formidable undertaking, to restore Italy to civilisation. It succeeded in its military task. It failed in its main objective. There was nothing on which to rebuild.

From all this Italy was eventually rescued, but it was by her saints. There is indeed an ancient succession in Rome, but it is the succession of the Popes, not of the Caesars. Now, when the successors of St. Peter are in eclipse, we see how much of the legend of the Eternal City was due to the Pontifex Maximus.

But neither Pope nor Caesar ever had jurisdiction in Russia. European thought passed into Russia and saturated it deeply. It came by goodwill, by acceptance. It came in at the Great Gates of Kiev. There it was that Christianity, and all the civilisation that went with it, was first invited into, and made welcome, in Russia. It was Byzantine Christianity, the Orthodox Church, Greek culture, Greek thought. There, Europe started her great colonising drive to the East, which did not end until it encountered, on the Pacific slopes of North America, the colonisation from the West, which had gone the other way round the world and met it; an encounter crystallised in the frontiers of British Columbia on our maps to-day. The date of that first historic acceptance was A.D. 988. Kiev has known many vicissitudes since. It has been battered ceaselessly by armies. At one time the Mongols held it for eighty years. All the Eastern marches of Europe had to endure for centuries upon centuries the furious onslaughts of great Powers—of great determined armies, technically skilled, brilliantly led, marching out of Asia. The chief bastion was Byzantium. Throughout all that time, the Greek art of war, Greek inventiveness, Greek suppleness, was the tradition on which men relied. To all this tradition Russia is heir. Byzantium had produced something greater than colonies; it had produced converts. When the flood rolled back from Kiev, Kiev was still in Europe, in Eastern Europe. Its very alphabet shows to this day the mould in which its thoughts have been so enduringly cast; and it was precisely in that tradition of A.D. 988 that Joseph Stalin was trained as a young man, as a divinity student, in the Greek Orthodox Church.

The Great Gates of Kiev, which admitted Christianity, which admitted the Mongols, have seen many armies knock and enter, from East and from West. In our own days they have seen the Italians, even the Rumanians, passing along a road driven open by the German blow. The Russian tradition has remained, a tradition running in a strong clear current from its own sources—from Athens, from Crete, from Antioch, from Egypt. Peter the Great, who re-introduced Russia to Britain, blinded us to all that. He was a savage, working in a savage time, working on a savage's tasks. There is something much older, much subtler, than Peter the Great, in the soil of Russia. Russia is the only country, for instance, which really overawes the Jews. They swim in her vast currents. They are aware of older civilisations inherent in her being, which they, too, remember.

The Italian armies in Russia have met disaster. Not for the first time the Roman legend in Eastern Europe has encountered a legend equal to its own. Meanwhile, Mussolini stands on a balcony in Rome, whence he shouted so few years ago, "Whose is the Empire?" and the Blackshirts chorussed "Ours!" He shouts that he will again go into Africa, by whose leave he does not say: nor where he proposes to conquer another Empire to replace that which he has lost. He does not realise that the time for all that is long since past; that if anyone could destroy the prestige of Rome, he has destroyed the prestige of Rome; and that gigantic ghosts, released, by his own act, from the seal of the Fisherman, from the spell of the Caesars, are coming; back out of Africa, back across the Aegean, back through the Great Gates of Kiev, to end the latest and the briefest Latin hegemony.

It is a dangerous thing to release ghosts; and the Greek ghosts are very strong and their graves are scattered very far. Now thay have drunk blood and are able to speak; and they cry aloud from the ground for vengeance. The danger is that they will not pull down material things alone; they will pull down things of the spirit. A tradition, a Western tradition, is going to have new neighbours in the years to come. It will have to share, at least, its powers with others. If we are to understand what is afoot we must read all our histories anew.

WALTER ELLIOT

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COUNTRYSIDE CONTROL

(After William Allingham)

"There should be an extension of organised visits officially recognised by the Board of Education of parties of children to the countryside. If educational publicity fails adequately to control the use of the countryside by the urban public, there should be stricter law enforcement. Bridle paths should be under the Footpaths Commission."—Scott Report.

DOWN the public footpath,
Through the right of way
We daren't go a-roving
Upon a holiday—
Fences round the hillside,
Railings round the heather,
Children of the green belt
Marching all together.

When the Lakes and moorlands
Become the nation's park
Look out for the keepers—
Gates shut after dark!
Read the regulations
If you hike or climb,
Learn the Chiltern curfew,
Skiddaw's closing time!
Authorised officials
Will urban persons guide
As to means of access
To the countryside.

High up in Whitehall
The Park Commission sits,—
They've been so long a-sitting
They've nigh lost their wits.
Rural District Councils
Plant warnings here and there
On the heaths and commons
"Trespassers Beware!"
If any man so daring
As pull them down in spite
He will find he's taken
To prison for the night

Up the scheduled mountain,
Down the earmarked glen,
The Board of Education
Is fanning out its men—
Urchins of the green belt
Rambling with the schools,
Youth Groups with their leaders,
Rambling by the rules,
Bye-laws on the hillside,
Fences round the heather,
Lovers and their lasses
Marching all together.

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WALTER GOEHR CONCERT: JULY 17

Like a meal, a concert should leave one with room for more. Mr. Goehr has always shown himself aware of this truth; but I never remember to have come away from a concert with my appetite for music more keenly whetted than I did on this occasion. And it was not only the length and the admirable playing, but shrewd programme-making, that was responsible for this.

We began with the Prelude to the second part of Berlioz's "L'Enfance du Christ"—a good prelude in more than one sense—to the concert and to the contemporary work we were to hear later, as well as to Berlioz's astounding little oratorio. This spare music unites contrary images: it is remote, but also warmly human; it is solitary, deserted, yet evokes a group; it is romantic in feeling, classical in expression; lit only by a single taper, it nevertheless glows with the richness of sunlight. A less mysterious and much more exhilarating light bathes the Trumpet Concerto of Haydn. Crisply played, with the solo in the lips of Mr. George Eskdale, this work was a pure delight. The main difficulty in performance lies in the balance, which was satisfactorily achieved by placing the soloist in the back row. I have heard dullness alleged as the reason why the opening Allegro was not recorded with the rest of the concerto (issued in 1939). Let us hear no more of such nonsense.

The first part of the concert ended with five songs of Wolf orchestrated by various hands and sung by Victor Carne. I shall say without ado that these seemed to me a horrible error of taste. Nikisch's version of *Verborgenheit* (in any case a most uncharacteristic song) did not suffer too badly; but what were we supposed to make of the wonderful Eichendorff *Ständchen* robbed of all its delicate sadness by the vulgar and lumpy orchestration of Max Reger? And what, again, of that most nostalgic of all songs—Heyse's *So Sterb Ich*—deprived of the calm, veiled quality which only that particular kind of piano accompaniment can impart? *Wo find ich Trost*, being a declamatory song, withstood best of all the ordeal-by-wood-wind. Mr. Carne sang without resonance and not very pleasingly; but he evidently understands what he is singing—a compliment one is seldom able to pay nowadays.

After the interval came Michael Tippett's Concerto for Double String Orchestra. It seems odd that a work so competent and so original should have had to wait five years to be heard. Those who were fortunate enough to hear Mr. Goehr's excellent performance had the further advantage of reading Mr. Tippett's own programme note, which is a model of its kind and provides a useful precedent. As was to be expected, the concerto is polyphonic in texture, but the weaving is mostly close enough to allow the extraordinary freshness and lyrical quality of the melodies and chordal structures to eliminate any dryness inherent in the style. The rhythmic intricacies are indeed considerable, but exist only to enhance the vitality of the composition, making the most expressive use of the arabesques suggested by the themes, as in the madrigals of the Renaissance. All three movements are related to one another by an anagrammatic figure, which in the slow movement takes an arrestingly lovely form. This dates the work, however, in Mr. Tippett's output: his more recent music—e.g., the String Quartet—has plenty of heart, but wears it in a less obvious place. One might perhaps regret this: Paradise Lost is the first of themes for art; but maturity can, after all, distil the purest beauty, though from sources less spontaneous and unadulterated. Mr. Tippett insists that this concerto is not "emotionally nostalgic." That claim is not only justified, but also important, since the emotion of nostalgia underlies about seven-tenths of all music; so that where other feelings are drawn upon, and with success, the composer has a special claim to attention, for it is likely that he has something new to say. In every sense an *aubade*, this concerto looks outward to the future; it has the prophetic quality one finds in the best of Shostakovitch and in things like Britten's String Quartet and *Les Illuminations*. To submit oneself to this music is to meet fully the brilliant, merciless, confident eyes of a new musical age—an experience not without thrill for those who had despaired of ever seeing such a thing in their lifetime. That the composer of this glorious work should have been taken away from his busy and invaluable career as a composer and teacher, and flung into prison as a Conscientious Objector, does not reflect well on the intelligence of those responsible for putting him there.

Edward Sackville West

THE MOVIES

"The New Gulliver," at the Tatler
"Mission to Moscow," at the Regal and Warners
"Above Suspicion," at the Empire

The New Gulliver was shown to members of the Film Society in 1936, and I remember seeing it that year or the year before in Paris, where it enjoyed a lengthy run. Inexplicably it has never had a public performance in England. The satire, presumably, was considered too strong for a public fed on appeasements; there were recognisable caricatures of King Alfonso and Goering; and capitalist war-making Europe in general was the butt of a film in which puppets for the first time played a leading part. What I remembered was a brilliant film, too harsh perhaps for audiences brought up on Disney, with the usual protuberant moral, and with moments of sheer inspiration in which satire and fairy-tale blended. The "new Gulliver" is a Russian schoolboy (delightfully played by V. Konstantinov) who falls asleep on a seashore while the master is reading *Gulliver's Travels* to his pupils. He, in his dream, is shipwrecked, washed ashore into a Lilliput in which Swift's adventures and schoolboy dreams and a good Socialist conscience mingle. The result might be horribly priggish, but it isn't; toy actors vary delightfully and with unexpected power the satire on humanity. Do the puppets jerk a little more than they would if Hollywood had adopted them? Yes (remember the date of the film); but it hardly matters, so quick, so emphatic has been the imagination at work. I don't hesitate to say that these puppets of Starevitch's, some of them as beautifully and grotesquely conceived as figures by Grandville or Rowlandson, far outstrip in expressiveness anything the film cartoonists have ever put on a screen. The dotty king whose speeches in parliament come from a gramophone hidden under his chair; Gulliver enjoying the fête and at the end towing away the royal fleet out to sea; the bat-like secret police who flap and gibber round corners; the master of entertainments giving a wonderful take-off of a heart-broken crooner: it's not only a parody of *our* world of graft and gunpowder, but a magic world of its own. Imagination of this calibre is so rare in the cinema that it takes our breath away. Disney has a wonderful fancy, but this is something more.

Mission to Moscow is a fairly accurate film of Ambassador Davies' book of the same title. With its general purpose—to increase friendliness and trust towards Russia—one can only agree whole-heartedly; and *Mission to Moscow*, beginning with Haile Selassie at Geneva and ending with Pearl Harbour, shows a wholesome disregard of English sentiments and prejudices. America and Russia—especially the latter—are perhaps unduly whitewashed at the same time. How far the detail is historically accurate it would be hard to say; the criticisms of Russian policy during the last ten years are skilfully answered. Ambassador Davies vouches for its general truth, but the scenes from the Moscow trials (hopelessly implicating Trotsky, of course) will revive controversy. Otherwise, this is a sincere, emphatic, over-long, and on the whole realistic film in which there are rather too many interviews and too many bits of newsreel one has seen again and again. There is the fun, too, of seeing near likenesses of famous men. Walter Huston makes a very convincing Ambassador, and Oscar Homolka an even better Litvinov. Stalin is too lined and gentle, and Churchill grim without being gay. Roosevelt appears only as a voice.

Above Suspicion is a thriller about secret agents in Germany before the war. It's on conventional lines, but it does thrill, and Joan Crawford imparts any intensity that may be lacking in the script. Basil Rathbone makes almost as much of a Gestapo officer as he does of his other favourite role, the vampire-psycho-analyst; and Conrad Veidt in a small part displays a fanciful charm that makes one doubly regret the death of an actor doomed to the sinister second-rate.

William Whitebait

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Du Plessis

At the Berkeley Galleries in Davies Street it is a pleasure to find a room full of pictures by this too rare artist. So far as he goes he is as genuine an artist as any in England. Unfortunately he does not go very far. This is not his fault: he lacks time and space. One can fancy few experiments, in the restricted world of contemporary British painting, more interesting than an essay in monumental art by Du Plessis. Meanwhile, let us enjoy these little pictures which, however slight they may appear to hasty amateurs, are very much more than "parlour pieces." Here is subtlety and sureness of tone worthy—almost worthy—at times of Camille Pissarro: here are little hymns, unostentatious and exquisite, in praise of small delights—small rooms, small gardens, small houses and quiet landscapes. So delicate are the relations that when the artist allows himself a slightly more emphatic opposition of colours, as in the study of a girl, one feels that it is something of an adventure. Also it is something of a triumph. This exhibition (which closes on July 31) is full of charming things—indeed it consists of charming things. No one who cares for subtle art should miss it.

WATERFRONT BALLAD

Some say it isn't deep
But it's deep enough for me.
Don't write no address on my grave
But the Mediterranean Sea.

I shan't drift in to shore:
For they'll pickle me a treat.
And I shall walk in a tidy rig
Past the ships of many a fleet.

Ships you never heard of,
Fleets that went down in thunder:
And them old shipmates from all the wars
Sharing the Mediterranean plunder.

John Pudney

Correspondence

LOW AMONG THE BLIMPS

Sir,—I still think Low's dilemma is artificial. There may be people who think that it is better to lose liberty than save it by bombing Rome. I have not met them or read them and I am not one of them. There are people who think hesitation about bombing Rome is pettifogging antiquarianism, that there are conspirators who tie the hands of the Government and of the High Command by advancing all sorts of irrelevant reasons for not bombing the capital of an enemy State. I am sure Low is not one of these, but he lends aid and comfort to them. There is enough savagery and silliness in war without its being encouraged by such powerful allies as Low's art. *Le talent oblige.*

If bombing Rome is necessary for winning the war, I am in favour of bombing it. My opinion on the question of whether and when it is necessary to bomb Rome is worthless—like Low's. But I have an opinion on the dangers of controversy on such topics and on the tone of Low's cartoon. It is not a mere matter of antiquarian sentiment. (The only friend of mine who took up cudgels in defence of Low is a Roman archaeologist by profession.) But we have not merely to win the war, we have to live in Europe after it. It is perhaps irrational and deplorable that Italians and others should feel as they do about destruction in Rome, but they do. It is equally odd to the pure rationalist that Dr. Goebbels should seem so confident that damage to cathedrals and historical monuments will anger Germans in a special way. But he knows his own business well and he has even thought it profitable to remind Germans of the burning of the castle of Heidelberg by the French two hundred and fifty years ago. In the same way, Russian propaganda has laid special stress on German destruction of places like Yasnaya Polyana and even Peterhof. The average letter-to-the-editor writer and the average admirer of Low may easily forget this truth.

I am also unmoved by Low's discovery that I think the past more important than the future. I don't. But I know more about the past than I or Low know about the future. I know how ambiguous the word "past" is. I am not concerned with the ruins of Rome, but with things in Rome which are not ruins and will not be things of the past unless we make them so. The Piazza del Popolo is no more a thing of the past than its equivalents in Glasgow or Canberra. Raphael's cartoons are no more things of the past than Low's. Nor can I share any easy optimism that the future, however free, is necessarily going to be so rich in artistic promise that we need not worry about what we destroy. No political event of the nineteenth century was more warmly welcomed by the left-wing intelligentzia than the triumph of Italian nationalism in Rome. The liberal, parliamentary government then set up on the ruins of the old papal state built some of the most atrocious monuments in human history. I am all for bombing those relics of the enlightened opinion of the last century, the Victor Emmanuel monument and the Ministry of Justice. If I thought bombing policy a proper subject for the talents of uninformed amateurs of political warfare like Low and myself, I should have encouraged by all the means in my power (so much less potent than Low's) attacks on a good deal of modern Rome. But I am willing to let the horrors survive rather than risk the beauties. It was all very well for Macaulay in the confident nineteenth century to contemplate with romantic complacency a New Zealander sketching the ruins of St. Paul's. We, in this iron age, would be wiser to think twice before encouraging a state of mind that would lead us to look with undue complacency on a New Zealander being given the chance to sketch the ruins of St. Peter's.

D. W. Brogan

70, Gloucester Place, W.1.

"NEVER AGAIN"

Sir,—In your issue of July 17th you publish a letter signed by Herr Walter Loeb, in which he asserts that you have been given information which is "a pure lie." He states that no approach was made by him to the "Never Again" Association.

The approach of Herr Loeb to the "Never Again" Association is, I think, clearly proved by the fact that a special meeting of the Executive of the "Never Again" Association was called to consider this approach, and it is recorded in our Minutes of October 20th, 1942, as follows :—

> The Chairman (Mr. Harold Jones) reported that advantage had been taken of Mrs. Tennant's party by Lord Vansittart and Mr. Walter Loeb to put forward certain informal suggestions for consideration by the Committee. The position with regard to Lord Vansittart was that he had expressed his willingness to become our President provided we could secure Left Wing representation on the Council. He now suggested the alternative arrangement that we should content outselves with representing Right Wing "Never Again" and that we should collaborate with the "Fight for Freedom" movement, allowing them to represent Left Wing "Never Again." It seemed in fact that he was of the opinion that we, as an Association, were not capable of securing Left Wing representation.
>
> A general discussion then took place both on the suggestion put forward, and on the connection which seemed to exist between Lord Vansittart and Mr. Loeb. . . . In her (Mrs. Tennant's) view the time had come for us to take a firm stand, regardless of Vansittart's views or those of anyone else, on the point that we would have no collaboration with *any* German and, so far as the Association's Left Wing support was concerned, that Left Wing support must be British.
>
> After further discussion on the suggestions of Lord Vansittart and Mr. Walter Loeb and on the "Fight for Freedom" movement in general, the Chairman made the proposal that we unhesitatingly reject the informal suggestions made by Lord Vansittart and Mr. Walter Loeb that we should collaborate with the "Fight for Freedom" movement and leave them to deal with the Left Wing, not seeking Left Wing representation on our own Council, and that we remain indivisible, all party and all creeds. This was put to the vote and carried unanimously.

These Minutes were signed by Mr. Harold Jones, at that time Chairman of our Executive—now Honorary Treasurer and Vice-Chairman of the "Win the Peace" Campaign, the organisation, as I understand it, set up to fill the position of Right Wing to the "Fight for Freedom" movement, which position the "Never Again" Association refused to occupy.

May I point out that I did not denounce Herr Loeb as a "master spy"? At the Wigmore Hall meeting I asked the question : Is Herr Loeb a German agent? Am I, as a British woman, not entitled to ask such a question, and, what is more, to receive an answer from the proper authorities? In fact, I ask the question again : Is Herr Loeb a German agent? And by what right does he meddle in British politics? Is it because he feels that Lord Vansittart can protect him against all comers, even against British Public Opinion?

Eleonora Tennant

"IN THE WITNESS BOX"

Sir,—The National Fire Service is now devoting much attention to education, and the Workers' Educational Association on Merseyside has been especially active in promoting an ambitious scheme for training Discussion Group Leaders. However, it is desirable to supplement such Discussion Groups by the introduction of outside speakers. The difficulty is to find them.

Accordingly we have devised a scheme of meetings entitled "In the Witness Box," at which a series of experts will be invited *one at a time* to give spontaneous answers to questions in their particular field. The first two meetings have been held with "The Doctor in the Witness Box." Written questions were submitted and the audience invited to ask supplementary questions arising out of any of the replies. At the end of the written questions, oral questions were invited from the audience.

In addition to a Professor of Medicine and a Medical Officer of Health, we already have promises of help from a general scientist, an engineer, a psychologist, an architect, two solicitors, a historian and an employer of labour.

This scheme has considerable advantages over an ordinary talk or lecture.

(1) Many experts who are too busy to prepare a lecture are willing to act in this capacity as no preparation is required.

(2) There is a two-way traffic of ideas between speaker and audience.

(3) Talk is concentrated on topics of interest.

As compared with the ever-popular Brains Trust, the scheme has the great advantage of economising man-power. Moreover, this "one-man Brains Trust," dealing with one subject at a time, allows longer and better answers to be given and there is greater continuity of interest.

The meetings were prefaced by a statement about questions of Service interest : it must be remembered that the doctor gives a reply strictly from a medical point of view. It may be necessary in the national interest during the war to strike a balance between medical considerations and the requirements of manpower or security (example—the blackout). With this explanation the Chairman can state that no censorship is imposed.

The speakers must be carefully selected, but so far we have had no difficulty in finding suitable ones. The flow of questions might be stimulated if the expert began with a provocative five-minute talk, but the necessity of preparing such a talk might restrict the number of speakers. Probably in most cases it will be sufficient to provide a few written questions to start the meeting off, but the Chairman should be in readiness to put extra questions if the oral ones are not forthcoming at the outset.

So far the experience has been a great success and

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it is believed that this particular technique of question and answer has great possibilities for adult education, especially in the Army and H.M.F. in general.

HAROLD E. POTTS, M.Sc.,
Area Welfare Officer,
26 Area, N.F.S.

CONFERENCE AFTERMATH

SIR,—I must insist on pinning Mr. Cove down. He is a Member of Parliament and occupies a position of great responsibility. He has publicly, in the NEW STATESMAN, made a serious charge against the paid officials at the Headquarters of the Labour Party, namely, that they have abused their positions and defied the decisions of the Annual Conference. As he gave no names, this has cast a very grave reflection on the whole staff. When challenged to mention the names of the persons concerned and to specify the charges, Mr. Cove runs away and tries to cover up his tracks by a mass of mere verbiage. This is contemptible cowardice. However, he cannot escape. All that is now left for him to do is to admit that his charges were false, then withdraw them and apologise or remain utterly discredited. GEO. DALLAS

GLASSHOUSES

SIR,—The promised Court of Inquiry into the administration of Military Detention Barracks and Camps can only get at the truth if it hears evidence given by soldiers who have been under detention as well as by officials and staff sergeants.

The Howard League has already had the opportunity of seeing some statements which contained valuable information, much of it damning, some of it favourable. It is to be hoped that any soldier who wishes to do so may be able, either in writing, in person or through some body of disinterested persons, to assist the Court with information and to do this without "fear or favour."

It is no use blaming the doctors for the sergeants' brutality which killed Mr. Clayton, but it is to be hoped that the medical witnesses will not adopt the easy slogan of a medical M.P.—"There but for the grace of God go I." The Army Medical Service should ensure a standard of efficiency in medical examination which will not pass a deaf and dying man as fit for service and for the rigours of punishment.

CICELY M. CRAVEN,
Honorary Secretary
The Howard League for Penal Reform,
Parliament Mansions,
Abbey Orchard Street, S.W.1.

FOOD RELIEF FOR EUROPE

SIR,—Prof. Norman Bentwich's cogent arguments for controlled relief will not convince Mr. Dingle Foot. As your Parliamentary Correspondent suggests, the core of the M.E.W. objection is that "we should be feeding workers *or their families* who, however unwillingly, were working against us." What are the facts?

Germany has taken a very large number of skilled Belgian workers to the Reich, where, at least, they are assured against starvation. It is claimed (*Manchester Guardian*, July 3rd) that one-fifth of all Belgian labour has been so skimmed off. But these Belgians, who are of most use to the Nazi economy, are outside all relief proposals.

Relief is urged for Belgians in Belgium, but at this point Mr. Foot, according to his phrase which I have italicised above, would visit the sins of the fathers on "their families" via the blockade. There are other male adults in Belgium too. These will be our staunchest friends, Allies who can be neither cajoled nor coerced into serving the Nazis—and who, if Mr. Foot has his way, will pay for their loyalty with empty stomachs. Economic warfare in this field strikes only very obliquely at the Germans, but it strikes tellingly at Hitler's victims and at our own political warfare.

The Government's fear of a leakage would be more impressive were it not for the widespread and successful relief in Greece, where nearly 20,000 tons of foodstuffs is still being distributed under neutral control each month. And does anyone seriously believe that Germany will collapse for lack of foodstuffs or vitamin concentrates? For, if not, the theoretical possibility of a leakage (such as has not been reported in the past year from Greece) into Germany's reserves is an infinitesimal risk against the real threat to post-war Europe of a stunted and embittered generation of non-German youth.

8 Endsleigh Gardens, HOWARD WHITTEN
W.C.1.

HIS PRIVATE WAR AIM

SIR,—In "Mass Observation" of July 17th issue, there appears "Privileged action by his superiors . . . puts the soldier into a state of impotent rage which may colour his whole outlook for days or months."

This, for my part, is an understatement. I was put into that state by similar experience in the last war, and it has coloured my life up to the moment of writing. It will continue to do so until the end of it, I expect.

32 Bedford Road, W. J. FINCH
Harrow.

MR. COWARD BROADCASTS

SIR,—Surely some protest should be made against the extraordinary prominence and publicity given to Noel Coward's new song, "Don't let's be beastly to the Germans" in the Forces programme at 9.20 on Monday last? Attention was drawn to the song "of topical interest" on page 1 of the *Radio Times*, and again in the programme on page 9; we heard of it in Programme Parade on Monday morning, and finally Noel Coward was introduced as "a national figure."

The song itself cleverly mixed the sane and human reasons that are advanced for avoiding a violent "hate" against the Germans with the rather stupidly sentimental ones, and jeered at them all.

Noel Coward is entitled to his own views and is at liberty to express them, but when such views are aired in one of the most prominent possible positions in a B.B.C. programme, with such a flourish of trumpets, one is inclined to suspect the purity of the motives of the B.B.C. JESSIE E. LINTON, W.A.A.F.

BERTIE WOOSTER

SIR,—It was pleasant to see Mr. Day Lewis, in his report on the School Speech Day Competition, quote Wodehouse as the unsurpassable model for the diversion of these functions out of their primordial dullness. It was not so pleasant, however, to find that in his choice of a *locus classicus* he has not only committed the textual solecism of identifying two similars but has thereby landed himself in a grave critical misconception of the character of Bertie Wooster.

Confusion has arisen between the early incident, recorded in *Carry On, Jeeves*, of Bertie's enforced address to a girls' school, engineered privily by Jeeves to cure his master of solicitude for the female young, and the later one (in *Right Ho, Jeeves*) of the presentation of prizes at Market Snodsbury Grammar School by an intoxicated Gussie Fink-Nottle, whose condition was referable to a (mistaken) triple infusion of gin into his favourite orange-juice. That Mr. Day Lewis, writing probably away from his authorities, should confuse the two incidents is understandable, if regrettable; but that this should have led him to the belief that Bertie Wooster could ever have been blind drunk in public (save on Boat Race night, in Rome among Romans) or have so departed from his standards of delicacy as to be actively and aggressively rude, reflects alarmingly upon Mr. Day Lewis's usually admirable critical taste. I am sure that the lapse was only momentary; but I feel that Bertie Wooster, already bewildered by the distressing dereliction of his creator, has already enough to bear without being saddled with the eccentricities of another.

Llandudno. RONALD MASON

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HARRAP

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THERE is good reason why, in the Europe of to-day, the heroes of national movements have less esteem than once was the case. The forces that have divided Europe into more than two dozen separate and sovereign nations are among those which are to-day unmaking our civilisation and our lives, so that there is some irony for the modern reader in the closing passages of Professor G. M. Trevelyan's account of Garibaldi:

> The power of this great national movement has fortunately been directed only to the securing of Italian liberty, and not to the oppression of others. No doubt the reason for this is the fortunate fact that no alien race dwells beside the Italian within the boundaries of the Peninsula. There is no one for the Italian to oppress. But the result has been the unstained purity and idealism of patriotic emotion there, from the time of *Mazzini's* Young Italy to our own.

A footnote to the second edition, inserted at this phrase, marks part of the change towards the modern world: "I leave this sentiment as I wrote it in the early summer of 1911 when it still appeared to be true."

It is difficult for most of us to believe wholeheartedly now in the "unstained purity and idealism of patriotic emotion." It is our loss; there is little of equal force and warmth to replace that belief. It is a further heavy loss if this change in belief causes those of us who seek to find some greatness in the human animal to neglect, or to read awry, the histories of the heroes of nationalism. And a particular loss if we fail to appreciate fully, as history and as literature, Trevelyan's three volumes on Garibaldi.

My own first acquaintance with these volumes was made at Oxford in 1919, between service on the Western Front and a visit to Soviet Russia. I have no doubt that my notebooks of that time condemned "bourgeois exaggeration of the role of the individual in history," and probably noted with approval Tennyson's curt comment on Garibaldi: "the divine stupidity of the hero." The year 1919 was not propitious for hero-worship; most of us felt, in Jean de Pierrefeu's words, that Plutarch had lied. But I doubt if even then I found it any easier to put down the *Defence of the Roman Republic*, or the description of the capture of Sicily by the Thousand, than when I re-read them in 1940. These are tales of successful fighting, not only against odds of 20 to 30 to one but against better weapons and organisation and discipline; but even during 1940, when days and nights were full of the training of the Home Guard, it was not the technique and tricks of guerrilla warfare that made me carry these heavy volumes about with me. It was not the blanket or sailcloth hung at the end of a main street, to hide red-shirted volunteers from the guns of the King of Naples, nor the three obsolete cannon that Garibaldi used to lure away from Palermo the enemy's best forces. It was the story itself that held me, a story hard to believe if told by any historian less balanced, less soberly enthusiastic, than Professor Trevelyan. "With these 750 musketeers, or more properly bayonet men"—all that was left of the Thousand—"with rather more than 3,000 peasants armed, some with blunderbusses and sporting guns, some with pikes and scythes, and with the prospect of such help as he could hope to get from the disarmed citizens of the capital, if he could ever penetrate into its streets, Garibaldi was setting out to attack the garrison of Palermo." And that garrison numbered over 16,000 well-found troops. If the training we gave to the Home Guard in 1940, when their arms were all too similar to those of the Sicilian *squadre*, was sometimes a little over-optimistic, Garibaldi and Trevelyan should share the blame.

Two paragraphs of quotation will do more to show the quality of the story and of the writing than any comment of my own:

> Garibaldi made no halt until he reached the Fiera Vecchia, "the ancient market," a little, triangular space at the end of the long, straight street by which he had entered the town. Of unknown antiquity, it is the heart of the popular quarter of Palermo. In it commenced the revolution of January, 1848, the spark that lighted the European conflagration of that year. In the centre of it stands a fountain, adorned by a statuette of the genius of Palermo—an old man feeding a snake at his breast, which was popularly held to represent the Sicilian capital feeding its foreign conquerors, as it had done through all the ages. In 1849 the too symbolic image had been removed as seditious by the police; it was restored in June, 1860, and stands there to-day.

I wonder if that little statue has survived both Fascism and strategic bombing?

> As the certainty of Garibaldi's presence in Palermo gained ground, the populace everywhere came out in swarms, men, women and children, to welcome and aid their deliverers. They had nothing in their hands but swords, knives, sticks, or bars of iron, but they were bursting with noise and fury, and inspired by a fitful activity and daring. Men rushed up the *campanili* and fell to beating the tocsin on all the bells of the town, with hammers since the clappers had been carried off by the police. The rural *squadre*, as they poured into the streets, fired off their guns, indifferently whether at the enemy or in the air. Palermo with its 160,000 inhabitants and 4,000 friendly invaders clashed and roared and shrieked and banged like the devil's kitchen, while the 20,000 foreign troops on the outskirts rained shell and heated shot into the centre, from the Palace at one end and from the Castellamare and the fleet at the other, setting whole streets on fire and killing and wounding men, women and children.

Among all this, and during the three days of desperate street-fighting that followed, Garibaldi found time to nominate a General Committee of leading inhabitants of Palermo to govern the town, and to see to the establishment of five sub-committees: War, Provisions, Interior, Finance, and Barricades. He had, of course, previously on entering Sicily, in accordance with the custom of Liberal revolutionaries in his day, proclaimed himself Dictator, but his dictatorship had its odd aspects. "Finance, police, taxation, law courts, bureaucratic machinery were to him artificial and oppressive additions to the life of nature, invented by the wickedness or craft of man; if he could, he would have swept them all away," wrote one of his friends. "Now, for one holding these views, it is not easy to govern States well, or even to choose the best men to govern them, and so it was with Garibaldi."

And this "dictator" did not keep the state of those who have followed him. His visitors at Palermo found that his office contained the beds of the four officers on duty; and one visitor was surprised when Garibaldi "evacuated his red shirt and grey flannels and retired into bed, still discussing the business in hand."

Trevelyan avoids the more flamboyant pieces of Italian rhetoric that graced the "political warfare" of the day, and does not give us the proclamations issued by Garibaldi on his landing in Sicily, or on his crossing soon after to the mainland, and to the marches that gave him Naples and made it possible for Italy to become a united nation. This I regret, for the sake of the "political warfare" of the present day. It has been the habit of conquerors of Sicily to issue proclamations offering freedom and other benefactions to the population, from the days when ten Athenian triremes were sent by Alcibiades into the great harbour of Syracuse, so that the heralds on board them might make known the invitation "to come forth without apprehension." Apart from any question of politics, or of the military value to be gained from an anti-Fascist declaration, the historical sense is somewhat shocked at an invasion of Sicily that does not achieve a Churchillian, much less a Garibaldian, phrase or two for the inhabitants, but instead is accompanied by expressions of surprise (according to the *Times* for July 14th, 1943) at the "animal friendliness" with which those inhabitants greet their liberators. A declaration addressed to Italians does not meet the historical need, any more than a declaration addressed to the English would suffice an invader landing in Ireland.

Although Trevelyan's histories do not provide us with this sort of ammunition, they do serve to remind us of a time when it seemed by no means unnatural for an eccentric middle-aged Englishman, wearing a white top-hat, to be one of the guerrilla band that manoeuvred and fought right across Italy after the Republic of Rome had fallen. And they describe with a restrained humour the embarrassment of English naval officers who took shelter from fire, at the Volturno, in one of the batteries of Garibaldi's force and found that "the faces of the Garibaldian gunners who had just helped them up were exceedingly familiar and indeed curiously similar to those of some seamen who had recently been missing from H.M.S. *Agamemnon*." If tradition, as some consider, is not without value even in modern war, Hugh Forbes and his white top-hat, and the sailors from the ship named and from some others, might be of use to us to-day in Sicily or to-morrow in Italy.

TOM WINTRINGHAM

NEW NOVELS

World Without End. By GILBERT FRANKAU. *Hutchinson.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Upside-down. By DENIS MACKAIL. *Hutchinson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

High Hazard. By SYDNEY HORLER. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Hell on the Way. By JAMES M. FOX. *Peter Davies.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The illegitimate novel creates its own fleeting mythology, its world of short-lived gods and heroes. In recent years this world has been somewhat eclipsed by the more vivid mythology of Hollywood, but this is an eclipse only of medium not of material. The popular film was born of the popular novel, but since then there has been mutually beneficial interchange between the two. The books under review must be judged, at superficial level, by the degree of entertainment they provide, and more profoundly by the value of their mythology. So far as the first criterion is concerned there is a sense in which sales are the deciding factor, but sales may be misleading. The public continues to read a novelist who pleased them ten or twenty years ago, not because they are still entertained as they used to be, but because they are unenterprising and because no obvious alternative has been presented. I believe it is true that when the slump comes, it comes very suddenly and completely. A pioneering genius, aware of the unconscious trend of public taste, cuts out his predecessors with one book and points the direction of the market to his followers. Thus a new mythology is created, or rather a new slant given to the old.

True mythology is eternal because it is the creative expressions of a people, the crystallisation of profound human experience. Bastard mythology is impermanent because it is the product of a moment's general whim—synthetic, corrupt and deceitful. The intention of true mythology is to tell the truth; the intention of current mythology is to gratify the human longing to be deceived. Here a distinction must be made. People *always* wish to be deceived, and *always* welcome the purveyors of deception. In this sense the need which the popular novelist satisfies is real and enduring. But fortunately the satisfaction is extremely impermanent. The public rewards its deceivers by quickly forgetting them. Who reads Corelli, Locke or Hall Caine to-day? Who reads even the serious Sapper, and how are the sales of Dell? The difference between falsehood and truth is not that falsehood is any less enduring, but that it is infinitely variable.

Mr. Frankau is a robust, self-confident and often a skilful writer. His world is not so eternal as the title claims, but it is usually inoffensive and occasionally stimulating. The book opens with an arsenal of rifles, automatics, revolvers and sword-sticks, which gradually resolves itself into the concluding stages of the Black and Tan campaign. It is typical of Mr. Frankau to choose a "tan" for his hero, investing him at once with an atmosphere of shady glamour. Miles Radcliffe is an old-fashioned concept, but still serviceable. He satisfies in detail after detail every furtive aspiration of domestic man—coal black locks, a soft voice, a lovely body, courage, arrogance, and above all, independence. It is the very unsubtlety of the spell which makes it so irresistible. In his wanderings over the globe, from South America to the Mediterranean, from Hollywood to New York, he fulfils one infantile dream after another. He defies the new-rich suburb where his brother is greedily bulding up his business, and chooses the wide open spaces. It is this defiance of bourgeois values (from an extreme Right-Wing angle) which is the principal theme of the book, until the significant finale. Then observe how at first Miles "has no use for women"—a quality savagely agreeable to the male reader, and irritating to the female. At the right point he falls enormously for a Paraguayan Marlene, seen once in Budapest, again in a London night club, tracked down at last on a ship in the South Pacific. She is as rich, as languorous, as luxuriant as any Marlene fan could wish—"the manager of the Ritz treated her like a queen returned from exile." But Miles frets for his old free life, and so Marlene makes a familiar curtain. Transformed—"a figure in drab green uniform, booted to the breeched knees with a holster at its hip"—she dies at his side in the green hell of Chaco. From then on Miles tends to neglect his sword-stick for the original of that Freudian symbol.

He makes a sexual blitz on Hollywood (too long, surely, for any taste), but returns at last to the girl who has been waiting for him in the London suburb—waiting twenty years! "Caught!" sighs domestic man, even his *schadenfreude* appeased by the conclusion.

This is the simplest mythology of escape, harmless, ludicrous and already creaking in all its joints. A film could have told the story better, and in a quarter the time. It would be very much harder for a film to do justice to Mr. Mackail, although a wan Mrs. Miniver is indeed the heroine. But Mr. Mackail's talent is linguistic rather than pictorial. This ebullient author is as indestructible as the Russian Army, the exhausted machine guns of criticism have stuttered again and again, but how can they cope with the vigorous reinforcements of gigantic sales. If I loose off a belt or two it is purely a gesture of defiance.

Another misleading title, for the little old world of whimsy Mayfair has undergone no conspicuous transformation. Just another arch of the years, with the blitz agreeably assimilated by plucky little, cosy little ladies, plucky young daughters and slangy young—possibly, for who can ever tell—future sons-in-law!

"Bother the war," says Miss Jesmond, and "I second that," cries her daughter, Laura. But it would be very naughty not to tell you that "Miss Jesmond" is just a *nom de théâtre* and that *really* there's no such person. Really, she had married—oh, years and years ago, that handsome difficult Steve Rivers—but then he'd died, you see. And then there's Humphrey—he's rather a dear. Before the war he was a don at Oxford, rather cynical, I'm afraid, after his long experience of young men, but he has a "nice crinkly sort of face." He . . . but there I go, not telling you anything about Laura, who, since youth must be served (or so the young have it in this topsy-turvy year of grace), is probably the most important person in this story. Well, Laura works in a ministry, frightfully hard work, too, under Humphrey, who isn't a don any longer, but a jolly efficient civil servant, though he *is* so absent-minded. And Laura loves Mummy, though poor Mummy really can't understand why these young Germans want to throw bombs at her out of aeroplanes. And Laura loves (perhaps even more than Mummy, for this is the sad old way of the world), a certain young man called . . . but that would be telling. Well, there they all are in the blitz with a few theatre folk (quite *queer*, some of them) and indeed, why should that fat Hermann Goering want to kill them? Anyway, Miss Jesmond isn't even Mrs. Rivers at the end and Humphrey didn't forget his own wedding day though we all thought that he might.

This is the mythology of saccharin. Mr. Horler belongs to a more robust tradition. "Sir Richard Chandler, Permanent Under-secretary at the Foreign Office, certainly looked the part." Never was first sentence so evocative. The scapegrace nephew? Here he is. "The caller, whose deeply-tanned face spoke of tropical suns, and whose athletic figure would have looked more at home in sporting kit than in the well-cut lounge suit, grinned." And after his assignment in the European underworld, how does he walk home? Through the Green Park. To his rooms in Half Moon Street (Drummond's old place) where he finds . . . his efficient man-servant, Hargreaves. Papa? The Earl of Warke, late ambassador in three European capitals. This is the shoddy decline of Leithen and Palliser-Yeates and Sandy Arbuthnot—all the old grand and pompous trappings without a trace of Buchan's glamour. Even Buchan's mythology was based on 1912: its appeal was partly nostalgic. But this routine is surely played out, and no one could bring out the wrinkles better than Mr. Fox. His is the mythology of the sophisticated, trans-atlantic man-eater—Bogart growls from every page. *Hell on the Way* is an extremely readable fifth-column thriller, sexy, brutal, often amusing.

> I turned my head and cocked one heavy, lazy eyelid. This mouse was in her middle twenties, opulent in sky-blue slacks and a thin, clinging sort of canary yellow pullover effect that would have sneered at the very idea of keeping company with a brassiere.

Or:

> He had turned the colour of a guy I used to know. Great little swimmer this guy was. Swam for twelve days on end below the surface of San Francisco Bay, with his puppies tucked into a small bucket of cement.

Even this relatively new technique is beginning to show signs of wear and tear, but it is still ahead of Half Moon Street. I find its blatant vulgarity far less offensive than Miss Jesmond's discretion, but it is unlikely to have a much longer life. The films devour in five years a mythology which novelists might have browsed on for a quarter of a century, and though *Hell on the Way* is a lively example of its type, oblivion lies just as surely in its electric pages. Already these "mice" and "guys" have acquired that faint pathos which is a certain premonition of oblivion. How musty their brutalities will seem when the wheel has turned its next cycle!

It would be frivolous not to end with a bitter reiteration of the old complaint. Any number of good books are unavailable because of a supposed paper shortage, and yet the freest rein is given to fiction which is at the best harmless and absurd, at the worst odious. *War and Peace* sold out as soon as a new edition was produced, but not even a commercial lesson has been learned. Governments are not inevitably obscurantist, nor is this form of obscurantism any added token of political efficiency.

PHILIP TOYNBEE

THE R.A.F. IN ACTION

Not Peace, But a Sword. By R. P. M. GIBBS, D.S.O., D.F.C. *Cassell.* 10s. 6d.

Tattered Battlements. By a FIGHTER PILOT. *Davies.* 7s. 6d.

Two accounts of the R.A.F. in action—one from Coastal Command, the other from a fighter wing over Malta. Appropriately for the first, Wing Commander Gibbs writes a slow, unpretentious, thorough narrative while the anonymous author of *Tattered Battlements* contributes a diary, hectic, abrupt, vivid. Wing Commander Gibbs was a regular, a Cranwell cadet who passed out into the R.A.F. just as expansion knocked the peacetime Service sideways. Like almost every other pilot he wanted to be a fighter, but the Air Ministry decided before the war that he should join the newly formed torpedo-striking force which was one of the last branches of the Service to be equipped with modern aircraft. When the war broke out they were still flying Vildebeestes, biplanes already ten years out of date. Bothas and Beauforts arrived after some six months when the author was attached as an instructor to the training school. Training is obviously one of the most important roles which can be filled by an experienced pilot; but it is hard for a man who has made flying his profession and has trained for years for this moment in history to persuade himself that he is more useful in non-combatant work while new recruits, his own pupils, are going into action.

The operational squadron to which W/Cmdr. Gibbs was finally posted was primarily a torpedo-striking force. But suitable targets for torpedoes were always comparatively rare and many other kinds of work—night bombing, day bombing, intruder operations—were undertaken by the squadron. *Not Peace, But a Sword* gives a most unusually fresh, exact and interesting account of this life.

Especially gratifying must have been the individual sorties when, given suitable cloud cover, aircraft went out singly or in pairs to find what they could find off the Norwegian coast. "Rovers" they were called, and, if there were many more failures than kills, it is the peculiar merit of the author's writing that he creates excitement from the nature of the tasks rather than from events. For instance, nowhere else have I been made to realise exactly what are the difficulties and dangers of bombing and how much steady, persistent courage it must take to keep the bomber on the target in face of opposition from searchlights and flak. I have read many of the R.A.F. books, but none, I think, has come up to Wing Commander Gibbs for clarity, directness and modesty. There is neither flashiness nor pretentiousness, and I can recommend it for anyone who wants to know what offensive action is like.

The author of *Tattered Battlements* would be the first to admit that a fighter pilot's job has in its nature compensations over long-range work. In an aside on courage he suggests that the conditions of single combat make it much easier—granted the temperament—for a fighter pilot to endure the strain of his job than civilians or A.A. gunners subjected to heavy bombardment. He rates the courage of the strafed as the highest; I should place it below that required from the bomber, but it is probably all a matter of temperament. In any case, a fighter pilot over Malta had some experience to go on. Heavily outnumbered, the small force had to endure both the strafing and the tremendous strain of continuous combat. *Tattered Battlements* is a lively day-to-day account of what it was like.

THOMAS SMALLBONES

HAVE YOU ANY AMERICANS NEAR?

American Close-Up. Portrait of an Ally. By JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES. *Murray.* 2s. 6d.

One of the chief objects of Nazi propaganda at this stage is to encourage the seeds of dissension between ourselves and our Allies; and it is quite true that Anglo-American relations offer innumerable half-truths ready to be turned into what Tom Sawyer called "stretchers." Mr. Langdon-Davies's useful and readable little book on America since the slump is written with a special eye on Nazi trouble making. He tabulates and analyses the chief lies—they are all the more dangerous for having a grain of truth in them—and supplies the answers. I hope that his book will have a wide circulation now that American troops seem to be quartered round nearly every English town and village. Watching these soldiers who have all Hollywood's glamour to live down, watching them grimace over their diluted English beer and misjudge the strength of our whisky, talking to them in pubs and trains, one is struck by the enormous change that has come over American character since the last war. These mild, courteous, slow-talking men with their pale faces, miscellaneous uniforms, thin boot soles and easy civilian air, are a very different proposition from the loud boosters of 1917. It sounds smug, if it is not rude, to say that the Americans have improved—one hopes we have too—but that is what most ordinary English people are saying. If one hears any of the chronic anti-American outbursts, it is always from people over 50 who are still living the last war as far as the Americans re concerned. I do not mean that we find very American an angel; I do mean we find him hanged. He does not soap his conversation ith uplift; he does not shout like a tipster with horse. He has become a listener rather than a lker; and as a talker he has ceased to be a ramophone record. This change, which we all otice, is a major point in Mr. Langdon-Davies's ook. He explains the long boom period to us riefly, and shows in simple, real terms how rofound was the effect of the slump on American ife and character, and why the money god had to o. He concentrates specially on Roosevelt and he New Deal, its failures and its successes, and e gives us an objective, hard but tolerant view f American politics. One of the great charms f the American character is its pragmatism; a hing is true as long as it works. Or as Walt Whitman said: "I contradict myself; very well, contradict myself." This doctrine inspires both he hair-raising and the humane; it means the wful ballyhoo of the Kaiser shipbuilding set-up nd the powerful, cunning, working humanism f Roosevelt at the same time. A great deal America that is deeply shocking to English eople when, from three to six thousand miles istance, they catch sight of the American scene, ecomes softened and even explicable when one rasps the pragmatism of the American mind. Since the last war we are readier to understand his. Uplift—and Anglo-American uplift is the orst of all—is happily much rarer than it was wenty years ago. Americans and ourselves are ougher than we used to be.

Mr. Langdon Davies says there are ten main trings to the instrument of Nazi propaganda. He enumerates them. One certainly hears them hough mainly, as I have said, from the older eneration. Many of them are obviously absurd. But where his book does its greatest service is ot so much in his exposure and contradiction f this propaganda, as in his incidental picture f American life as he has seen it. The best ontribution to Anglo-American relations is plain escription of the two countries and their ways of ife. There is a crying need for travel books on America—modern ones. The excellent photoraphs in this book do more good than pages of rint—photographs of ordinary people like those he Russians have excelled in making. What the an in the train said, or the farmer, or the lift oy, however unreasonable and unpalatable, is etter propaganda than yards of argument about he century of the common people. As propagandists we all tend to become too clever in our interpretations of each other; the simple facts, the personal asides in Mr. Langdon Davies's book are just what is needed. Once more we must beg those who are striving to make Anglo-American relations good and sound, to give us fewer views and more of what the artist gives us when he goes to either of those countries. There is a certain minimum of important information, which is what Mr. Langdon Davies supplies, a minimum that will get the temperature of prejudice down; but once it is down what we need is to see the people and the country.

V. S. Pritchett

JOSEPH SEVERN

Against Oblivion: The Life of Joseph Severn. By Sheila Birkenhead. *Cassell.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

In your neighbourhood, are there cases of suspected genius? If you aspire to immortality it will be worth your while, quite apart from the care that you lavish upon your own gifts, to treat these phenomena with the circumspection that they deserve. Guide your friend's footsteps as he totters homewards. Suffer patiently the bursts of spleen or fits of petulance that are often a by-product of critical or creative vigour. Listen to the story of the great man's love affairs or shudder sympathetically when he tells you of his overdraft: do not dissent from his most outrageous political prejudices. Yours, then, may be the reward of a Crabb Robinson, a Hobhouse or a Severn. You will be remembered, when the articles that cost you so much and brought you in so little had long lain dead among the yellowing files of a distinguished weekly, as the boon-companion of Dylan Thomas, the butt of Connolly or the confidant of Stephen Spender.

After all, you never can tell. In spite of her pious regard for him, I doubt whether Lady Birkenhead would have considered giving us the life of her estimable great-great-grandfather-in-law were his image not irradiated by the reflected splendour of Keats. Joseph Severn would have been an unusually pleasant man to know. He was energetic, enthusiastic, kindly, gay, versatile and liberal-minded; but he completely lacked that exceptional, that daemonic quality which picks out a single human face from its hundred shadowy fellows. Luckily, however, he was sensitive enough to recognise the presence of a daemon in other human beings; and, having met Keats, at a time when he himself was studying at the Academy and Keats still doing the rounds of a London hospital, his admiration immediately flashed into life and he began a friendship that ended only on the poet's death-bed.

Lady Birkenhead is perhaps a little unfortunate in being obliged to unfold the finest portion of her narrative half-way through the volume. Nothing that happened to Severn at a later period—though his subsequent career was busy and praiseworthy enough—can compare in intensity of interest with the story of Keats's death as told by his companion. Death is seldom heroic: the detailed record of its progress, and of the effect it exercises upon the mind, is very rarely edifying. And if Keats's attitude towards his fate did not merit the furious invective thrown off by Swinburne, it is true that he expired reluctantly, full of bitterness, conscious that he had scarcely lived, sick at heart as he considered what seemed to him the puerile inadequacy of all that he had written. Fame had escaped him; pleasure had passed him by; Fanny's last letter lay unopened beneath the pillow. During those appalling weeks, when he was oppressed both by the spectacle of his friend's agony and daily problems of food and money and attendance, Severn kept his head clear and his courage undiminished. An admirable man, one repeats—physically attractive, spiritually limber: it is sad that some small sparkle of genius of genuine creative ability should not have been bestowed on him! In fact, his early successes in Rome, as a manufacturer of huge historical canvases, would appear to have been due rather less to his paintings than to the good looks and good manners that "went down" so well among fashionable English patrons. Presently his vogue declined; but during the interval he had acquired a wife as charming as himself—he had rescued her from the clutches of a tyrannical, half-crazy millionairess, Lady Westmoreland—and had begotten a delightful daughter, who brought comfort and material help to his impoverished later years. Joseph Severn finished life, usefully and not unhappily, as British Consul in Rome from 1861 to 1872. Lady Birkenhead's study is able and thoroughgoing. It is to be regretted, nevertheless, that she should have decided to cast her material in a popular romanticised form, choosing passages from letters and embedding them in semi-fictitious dialogue, and that she should have allowed heself so much latitude in the provision of local colour. The story she had to deal with needed no embellishment. Here and there, the embellishments she provides strike me as a trifle far-fetched; and, though no Wordsworthian scholar, I doubt if Worsdworth ever wore a beard.

Peter Quennell

Voice of the North

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DANTE AGAIN

The Figure of Beatrice. By CHARLES WILLIAMS. *Faber and Faber.* 10s. 6d.

The attraction of Dante will probably never cease. Only in the last few years there has been another translation, and, mystical as he is, there is a peculiar power about him which captures the least mystical of critics. No one, for instance, has given him a higher rank than has the unromantic Macaulay. We are prepared, therefore, for something more than ordinary when a poet like Mr. Williams yields to the charm. There will be theology, allegory, philosophy, all viewed with a poet's eye. And we shall be ready to face difficulties both in the thought and in the expression.

But for one thing I, at any rate, was not prepared. Mr. Williams, though sympathetic with what I may call extreme Dantism, admits the possibility of the other point of view. Perhaps, he says, we ought to take Dante's poetry as relevant to our own affairs, and perhaps also we ought not. The choice we make will depend on our individual circumstances and character. There are many of us who find it extremely difficult to appreciate the theological portions, given usually in allegory, of Dante's works; they do not fail to recognise the greatness of his genius and the intensity of his expression, but, in their more daring moments, they may actually whisper to themselves that they could wish he had adopted—if he had been able to adopt—a more direct mode of speech. And that he could adopt such a mode for a time is plainly shown in many episodes, such for instance as that of Ulysses and Diomede, or that of Paolo and Francesca. But one has to be prepared for constant divagations into the mystic and the manifold. Every time Virgil is mentioned, one has to be careful not to omit from consideration any one of the four significations of the name; similarly with Beatrice; and the task is not always easy. When one has been inclined to grieve over one's incapacity, one has found some consolation in the suspicion that Milton himself would have sympathised. It is far from certain that Milton's admiration of his great predecessor, keen as it was, was undiluted. It is at any rate remarkable how slight is the likeness between the two poets, though their themes cover much the same ground, and though both would have refused to speak without a message. While "art for art's sake" would have been to both a phrase without a meaning, yet they contrive to use their art in almost contrary ways.

Nevertheless, while repeated perusals and the use of as many helps as possible have still left me with this vague discontent, I am far from feeling that I am certainly right, and I think that everybody who is thus troubled ought certainly to seize any opportunity of acquainting himself with the opinions of those who think otherwise. Whenever some insight into the mystic meaning of a symbol has been attained, the gain has been great, and has been an encouragement to further effort. And it goes without saying that Mr. Williams is likely to be a competent guide. He has the great advantage of being, if not actually a member of Dante's church, yet sympathetic with his religious and theological ideas. I therefore took up his volume with hope, and opened the Comedy once again. I may as well say at once that my discontent has not been entirely dispelled; but this does not mean that I cannot recommend the work ungrudgingly to any willing to face a serious effort, or that those composed by nature in the right way will not benefit by its study.

Mr. Williams begins with an Introduction, in which he defines his purpose—namely, to bring out into the utmost clearness the "figure" of Beatrice, and the relation that figure bears to all the rest. This involves a very suggestive comparison between these poets, like Shakespeare and Milton, whose "discoveries" are what we may call historical, and those like Dante, Wordsworth and Patmore, who, in their varying intensities, start their discoveries from a personal experience. This chapter is unquestionably difficult, but it is worth close attention. It leads on naturally to an account of Beatrice herself, and to the decision that, primarily, she was a real human being, whose death was a real death—though, of course, this does not prevent her from being several other things besides, and to understand these it is desirable to read, or even to re-read, the *Vita Nuova.* With this Mr. Williams deals competently but briefly; it would appear from a comparison of the space assigned, that he finds the *Convivio* more likely to assist him in his search. While the *Vita* is feminine and passionate, the *Banquet* is masculine and intellectual. But all this, important as it is in iteslf, leads on to what is still more essential for the serious student, a discussion of what we are perhaps compelled to call Dante's "political" principles. To him the Empire was as divine as the Church—they were but two sides of the same thing, and the "Babylonish Captivity" was a deliberate abandonment by the Pope and the Cardinals of their rightful position. Curiously enough, while the Pope and his court were at Avignon, Dante himself was banished from Florence, and learning the weariness of climbing up another's stair. For both the bands of exiles there was but one rescuer, the Emperor, whose delays and vagaries, though they disappointed the eager poet, did not altogether crush his hopes; and even when Henry died Dante could not entirely abandon the wishful thought that there might be a double return of the Church to Rome and of the expelled Ghibelline to his beloved birthplace.

The foundations thus securely laid, Mr. Williams is ready for his main task, the study of the *Commedia* in its relation to Beatrice, and the endeavour to show how, though she passes from view after the first three or four cantos, she is never forgotten, and is really the "figure" round which the poem moves. While Virgil gives us all that the intellect can afford, she remains in the background, but no sooner is his work done than she reappears; and it is precisely here that it becomes difficult, or as some would say impossible, to decide what she really "figures." Of one thing Mr. Williams is certain. He refuses to admit for a moment that she ever loses all humanity. "To spiritualise her away from earth into a pseudo-Romanticism is, in criticism, very like mortal sin"—not unlike, in Mr. Willaims' view, that spiritualising which has played so disastrously on the myth of Lancelot and Galahad.

I am not quite sure, as I hinted above, that here I entirely agree; but of one thing I am sure, that no one will read this work with the care which it deserves without being grateful to its author.

E. E. KELLETT

Only an Ocean Between. By L. SECOR FLORENCE. With a foreword by J. G. Winant. *Harrap.* 6s.

If propaganda for Anglo-American friendship is to have more effect on the lives of the two peoples than the waves that break impartially on either shore of the Atlantic, the first essential is to remove simple misunderstandings of fact. As long as there are Americans who think that we live on Canadian taxes and English inquirers who ask whether there are any wild flowers in the United States, the current high falutin' phrases about our common interests and heritage will be written off as mere propaganda. No doubt that is the idea behind the new Harrap series of books on America and Britain, of which the first, *Only an Ocean Between,* is just published. There is a short foreword by Mr. Winant; the editor is Prof. Sargant Florence, who has lived much in America; and

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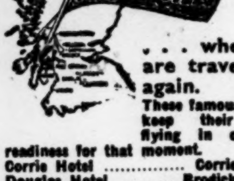

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ASSOCIATED PORTLAND CEMENT

THE forty-fourth ordinary general meeting of The Associated Portland Cement Manufacturers, Limited, was held on July 15th, in London.

Sir P. Malcolm Stewart, Bt. (the chairman), commenting on the strictures passed on big business, said that if a critical analysis were made it would be found that much of the onslaught on monopolies, monopolistic control and big business was, in effect, an attack on the growth of effective organisation and rationalisation which, when rightly applied, had changed chaos into order and produced a degree of efficiency hitherto unobtained.

The attack was thus misdirected. It should be made against the wrongful use of such organisation where it was not directed to the welfare of the community. If it was right for the United Nations to pursue the grand ideals of the Atlantic Charter by working together to solve world problems, surely industries with common interests should seek to solve their domestic problems by ordered co-operation. Initiative was not thereby destroyed.

The cement industry had achieved internal harmony and successful organisation. From 1925 to 1938 they had succeeded in reducing the cost of production per ton of annual output by 32 per cent. and at the same time reduced the net selling price per ton of cement at works paid by the consumer by 34 per cent. That had been accomplished despite the advances in the cost of fuel, etc., and of increased wages and much improved conditions of work and welfare for their employees.

Unless they were to suffer serious setbacks, the problem of the future of industry should cease to be discussed in terms of State Control versus private enterprise, but on the basis of State Control cum private enterprise.

The report was adopted.

the author is Mrs. Sargant Florence, who is American. Mrs. Florence has a pleasant, lively style; she compares the two countries, their climate, geography, their roads, railways, their rival capitalisms, their exports and imports, their natural resources and countryside, their population and habits. Lest your attention should wander, her points are illustrated with admirable photographs designed to show the similarities and differences between the two countries. More exciting still, the book contains the best series of isotype picture charts that we have yet seen published. Two other books are promised in the series, one dealing with the constitutions of the two countries, and the other with the private lives of Americans and British.

Week-end Competitions

No. 703

Set by H. N. Chittick

The usual prizes are offered for a poem of not more than 20 lines, beginning "These I have loathed," and written in the manner of Rupert Brooke's "These I have loved."

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Monday, August 2nd.
2. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

RESULTS OF COMPETITION No. 700

Set by V. S. Pritchett

There are black sheep in every family. Competitors are asked to send their childhood memories or misapprehensions of such characters. Limit, 200 words.

Report by V. S. Pritchett

The wickedness of one's relations, the glamour of one's family skeleton, are the most congenial topics; but after going through a veritable penal colony of wastrel uncles, elusive fathers, tippling mothers, "unhappy" aunts, thieves and Jezebels and the lazy, drooping tail of remittance men, I believe I was mistaken in asking for childish memories of these things. We miss the rich texture of adult embellishment. The common experience was something like V.G.'s gloating terror and insipid disillusion: "Uncle" had taken to "the Drink"—or, even worse, was it that "the Drink" had taken to Uncle?—but "I stared at a mild, grey-haired little man with watery blue eyes and a timid smile." The male wicked turn out to be watery; the female, more cunning, apparently were never unveiled. For years the memory of their lovely scent overcame all attempts of feeble reality to assert itself. One black sheep made good. He was Sir Robert Witt's and his motto was "Live and let die": Titian-haired, poetic, he is now "the most brilliant anonymous contributor" to this paper. One moralist pointed out that black and white sheep are all indistinguishable mutton on the table.

Some competitors themselves rightly attempted to qualify. Said R. S. Jaffray's mother, "I always grant you haven't been difficult to live up to." A note of horror on children themselves comes from Constance Sewell: "We dreaded her nightmares. She might dream again about foxes biting her feet." An aspect of sisterly relations which I must put beside the brotherly abuse (by Elgin): "You ill-spaced infant." There is an awful Jean Pierre who licked ladies' hands when he kissed them. In the wicked uncle class I would put BM/THERQ and Pip pretty high. And J. Taylor got the air of mystery and blank lack of explanation. Mahlstick pulled my leg—perhaps others did as well—and R.P. finished up with a neat suicide. Facetiousness was regrettably common and I was disappointed to find no outstanding entry among a mass of enthusiastic ones. I accordingly divide the prizes between J. Taylor, Helga, Stanley French, Constance Sewell and Sub, who illustrate the various types of memory. Unluckily there is not space to print all the winning entries.

I

"I don't like you."

"You don't have to like me, you just have to do as I say."

Father's calm was as terrifying as Margaret's kicks and her rage-clenched teeth.

"Mother will take the two eldest."

"Why not the three eldest?"

Suddenly her teeth nearly met through my arm.

"Why didn't mother bath me before Constance?"

When we got back Margaret was in bed. After emptying bottles of Harlene and dillwater down the bath she had drunk a whole bottle of cherry cough cure.

"It was rather rich," she said.

After she had been turned outside, two baby chicks were found dead, killed with stones. We were impressed, but dreaded her nightmares. She might dream again about foxes biting her feet. We told her we had had strawberries.

"They scratch your intestines." Margaret always remembered about insides. They stretch from here to the church if you unwind them. She went to sleep happy.

CONSTANCE SEWELL

II

He was a big fellow with big, handsome features, and I only remember him wearing a college blazer—perhaps because I associate him with beach and riverside during those golden summers before 1914, now to me kaleidoscoped into one hazy series of bright, beatific days. I remember the heavenly feeling when he came home, and we knew we should have him to ourselves for awhile. He was always soon off again.

It was in the middle of a lovely afternoon on the beach during one of these visits that I remember noticing that he wasn't attending to the game. He was looking at Mother, who had suddenly appeared at the bottom of the cliff path and was walking quickly towards us. She wore a striped blouse, and had to hold her skirt up away from the sand. I remember the things in her chatelaine tinkling as she came nearer. Her lips were compressed and she looked quite unapproachable. "You'd better come in, George," she said, "Daddy's had a letter he wants to discuss with you." George told us to go on with the game until he returned. But we never saw him again.

J. TAYLOR

III

It wasn't very nice for Grandma, seeing she had the best cake shop in town and dressed in black silk and lace cap and being the secretary of the Wesleyan Sewing meeting and the Women's Temperance. Especially the Temperance.

She only gave Grandpa a shilling a day, so he couldn't get drunk with it. Every six months he started and it wasn't very nice for Grandma when he reeled into her Temperance garden party. When his hoard of shillings ran out, he stole tea and chocolate from her shop to barter for his drink.

Once she sent me, a school girl, to follow him. I thought he would land at the Waterside Tavern, but was puzzled by him going to a notorious woman's house. I didn't know why she was notorious or why Grandma was shocked.

The bout used to end in the Police Court, this wasn't very nice for Grandma, her being so Temperance, or in a horrible bilious attack on the dining-room floor. This wasn't very nice either for Grandma, but she preferred it to the Police Court. Out came the Pledge Book and he was signed up for another six months.

HELGA

For Sale, To Let and Wanted

OLD Cottage for sale on Test nr. Stockbridge. 4 large rms., garden. Isolated. Box 1079.

ROOM to let. No bath, no c.h.w., but cool, calm atmosphere. Delightful outlook on trees in one of Bloomsbury's most lovely squares. Good fires, sunny, light, airy. Not especially moderate rent. Only reliable tenant accepted. Would prefer tenant away weekends. Box 1335.

SWANAGE. Large cottage to let, short or long lease. Unique view, elec. light, gas cooker. Eardley Brooke, High Street, Swanage.

BED-SITTING room vacant in flat, modern block, central heating. Nr. Baker St. Station. 32*s.* 6*d.* weekly. Box No. 35, 198 Baker St., N.W.

BAYSWATER. Some unfurnished flats overlooking Gardens, now available; also furn. room in landlord's own flat to reliable tenant. Refs. reqd. Box 1069.

W.9, comfy furn. bed-sit., business woman. Phone after 6.30, CUN. 6651.

OFFICE to let. Near M.O.I. Newly decorated. Excellent position for Committee Meetings or small Lectures. Box 1334.

WANTED, for August and September, small furnished cottage, pleasant surroundings, easy access London. Also to buy, cottage, min. 3 bedrooms and ½ acre, detached, high situation. Box 1164.

COUPLE with girl, 3, would like to meet similar family seeking house in country, 20-50 miles London. View to finding and sharing larger house. B., 183 Parkway, Iver Heath, Bucks.

HAMPSTEAD. Unfurnished flat wanted by lady living alone. Box 1078.

REQUIRED immediately in country to rent, 6 roomed, unfurnished, modernised cottage. Easy daily reach W.1. Box 1128.

EDINBURGH. Small unfurnished flat or house wanted, in or near city. Long lease from October. Good condition essential. Mrs. Douglas, Little Massingham, King's Lynn.

Classified Advertisement Rates and all information see page 55

Accommodation Offered and Wanted

FURNISHED or unfurn. accom. offered in pacifist household. Tel. Vig. 2026.

HOME offered to mother with boy 3; share exs. 1 hr. Waterloo. Box 1085.

STUDENT, art, languages, girl 16, wants room and board in family, central London preferred. Sept. or earlier. Barnsley, Froxfield, Petersfield.

BED-SITTING room with some service and occasional use larger room wanted by lady in flat or house; during school-terms but not wk.-ends. Westminster, Temple. Box 1101.

GENTLEMAN requires full accom. in London or suburbs with continental family (con. cooking), speaking Spanish, Fr. or Ger. Box 1092.

BED-SITTING and Veg. Gdn. reqd. by business man. Daily access City. Box 1086.

BIRMINGHAM. Writer would like room and board in Left household. Box 1162.

Personal

EVENING Theatre School. Advertiser wishes to hear from anyone who would be interested in studying in evenings for professional theatre work. Acting, writing, design. Outline of project from Box 192, c/o Sells, Brettenham House, Strand, W.C.2.

FOREIGNER wants 2 or 3 English lessons a week. Preferably Tuesday, Wed., Thursday. Apply Box 1055.

NAVAL Officer seeks quiet, inexpensive sea-sun-bathing Leave, end August. Box 1048.

CIVICS Classes for Senior Girls by M.A., Oxon. Hist. Hons., also coaching in School and Higher Cert. History and Elementary Economics. London area or travelling distance Woking. Box 1045.

YOUNG couple seek cottage, caravan, farm accom. wk. begng. 14th Aug., Devon, Cornish, Som. coast, bathing. Box 1038.

SCIENTIST is desirous of forming a private syndicate to exploit several Patents and Processes of National Importance. Principals or Solicitors can obtain full details from 102 Clifton Hill, N.W.8.

WANTED. Caravan by a river first week in August. BM/GJP. London, W.C.1.

Personal—continued

FAMILY—mother, two children—seek well appointed farm as paying guests. Would help harvesting, animals, house, period July 30th to Sept. 15th. Central counties preferred. Write Langford, 49 Calthorpe Rd., Birmingham.

MASHA, age 6, forgetting Russian, would like spend August with Russian speaking people. 65 Quarry Road, Headington, Oxford.

WILL any reader willing share copies "Reader's Digest," to be sent to soldier in N. Africa please communicate E. Smith, Fleece Inn, Hillesley, Wotton-under-Edge, Glos.

WILL someone let a caravan or small furnished cottage to officer who has 9 days' leave in August? Box 1234.

WOMAN warworker (42), homeless, welcome sug. for 3 weeks' hol., Aug. Box 1218.

LADY has vacancy for 2 girls, aged 7–14 to share happy home, Petersfield, with own daughters. Educational facilities, balanced diet, every care. Highest references exchanged. Mrs. Unwin, 22 The Spain, Petersfield.

COUNTRY home offered lovely district by 40-ish couple. Lots of veg. and fruit and A1 cooking. Exchange 50-50 help in house or garden and smallholding. Box 1127.

COTTAGE wanted in part-payment services garden, farm, typing; educated mother, daughter aged 6. Box 1125.

BETTER Racial Relations. Those interested in study of racial problems are invited to join the Racial Relations Group (Institute of Sociology). Write Mr. E. J. Turner, 22 Grosvenor Court, W.3.

YOUNG woman desires to share community life in children's hostel. Non sectarian, very progressive, much experience. Box 1103.

WISTFUL officer wants Descant Recorder, treble too big for haversack. Box 1097.

ITALIAN lessons wanted, native teacher, corres. occasional personal tuition. Box 1077.

DOUGLAS Glass specialises in lively and natural photos of children. Country visits arranged. WEStern 2336, 10 Pembroke Sq., W.8.

GERMAN Postal Course. Advanced only. Partics., Dr. Posener, 122 Wardour St., W.1.

Personal—continued

FARMER wants to buy farm or estate 200 to 1,000 acres. Within 20 miles Oxford or Reading. No obj. to some downland. Partic. interested estate capable of imp. Wall, West Lucott, Porlock, Somerset. Tele.: Porlock 196.

A PURDY World Labelling Machine urgently required by manufacturers whose original plant was destroyed by enemy action. Please send full particulars to Box 1098.

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BERMALINE Bread contains much extra nourishment. It restores energy, is easily digested, and makes delicious sandwiches. Change over and watch your health improve. Helps save shipping, too. Ask Baker, or write Bermaline, Fairley St., Glasgow, S.W.1.

WE require several 16 to 40 h.p. modern cars in good condition; also one or two very low mileage 6 to 12 h.p. Saloons. We shall be pleased to inspect and pay cash. Spikins, Heath Road, Twickenham. Tel.: Popesgrove 1035.

WATCHES, wanted, new, old, disused, or out of order. Top prices paid. Send registered. Cash or offer by return. Kay's (N.S.), 19 Hopwood Ave., Manchester, 4.

Readers' Market

FOR SALE:—Rubber Hip Bath, canvas container, unused, £4.

WANTED:—New or used copies C. Malleson's "After Ten Years," "Coming Back," "Fear in the Heart"; Simenon, Maugham (including plays) "Brighton Rock," by Graham Greene; "The Witch in the Wood," by T. H. White; Earlier works by Claude Houghton; "Neighbours," "Julian Grant Loses His Way," etc.

Send no money or goods in reply to these advertisements, but write first to *N.S. & N.* Readers' Market, 10 Great Turnstile, mentioning advt. and details. Charge under this heading 1*s.* 6*d.* first word, 6*d.* a word after, including forwarding replies.